

Esquire

AUGUST 1985 · PRICE \$2.50

America, You Asked for It!

Man At His Best

Summer Reading's Back!

Spend Your Vacation With:

William Styron

John Updike

Alice Walker

Kurt Vonnegut

Ann Beattie

Peter Matthiessen

Robert Stone

Frank Conroy

Debra Spark

Plus: Tributes and Progress Reports from Tom Robbins, Donald Barthelme, Walker Percy, Richard Yates, Gail Godwin, Jay McInerney, Raymond Carver, Grace Paley, Tom Wolfe, Joyce Carol Oates



A RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE VIRTUES OF BALANCED PERFORMANCE

"...Merkur is going to pile into the upscale sports sedan market—now occupied by such cars as the BMW 318i and 325i, the Saab Turbo, the Volvo Turbo, the Pontiac 6000 STE, and the Audi 4000 Quattro—like a runaway freight train."

—Brock Yates, *Car and Driver*

"...the autobahn heritage shows to good advantage. We wish that all cars sold in this country could be developed in such an environment."

—Tom Swick, *Motor Trend*

"For your money, you will get an extremely neutral handling sedan that's both substantially roomier and quieter than the Germans, with the same Made in Germany decals for your friends to envy."

—George Levy, Editor, *AutoWeek*

"The Merkur is about perfect."

David ... Jr. Editor
... in naming
Merkur XR4Ti One Of The Ten Best Cars
1985


Sponsored by Ford
EXCLUSIVITY FOR FORD NEWSGROUP



MERKUR XR4Ti

1



4000 Electronic
Printing System

4000 Print
Server

4000 Star
Workstation

Last year at this time, Ryan could never leave justice away from the office. As VP, Sales, of an automotive equipment company, he'd lead his quarterly catalogs to get out and haul a dozen major reports.

But this year, he installed the electronic printers and workstations of Team Xerox.

With the Xerox 9700 electronic printer, publishing his catalogs now took hours instead of weeks. Which was not surprising, since the 9700 can print out two pages a second, day in and day out.

For his reports, Ryan could take words and graphics directly off a Xerox 800 Star

Workstation or 960 Information Processor

and print out high-quality copies all over the world almost instantly, taking advantage of the Xerox Ethernet network.

With his catalogs and reports out of the way, Ryan could use his vacation time to do

what he'd been wanting to do for years.

Take a vacation.

□ To see what Team Xerox can do for you, call 1-800-833-2223, ext. 33, or send your business

card to Xerox Corporation, Dept. 33015, PO Box 24, Rochester, NY 14602.



"Finally,
a vacation
we didn't
have to
cancel."

SOFT PACK: 7 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
avg. per cigarette by FTC method.
REG. MENTHOL BOX: 12 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
avg. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



NEW
REGULAR SIZE
SOFT PACK.

Not available in all areas.

Also available in
regular and menthol
longer-length box.



REACH FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL
STERLING

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 391–397

Corporation
for America's
Libraries



SUBJECTS' JOURNAL Activity Checklist (see page 10)	
Ministry project and ministry leader's Material	Ministry Commissioner's Material
Project Goal Statement	Ministry's annual Goal Statement
Ministry Executive Summary	Ministry's 2003 Annual Report

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Pharmaceuticals, Joseph B. Moore
 Director, Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America
 1200 17th St., N.W.
 Washington, D.C. 20036
 (202) 462-2000
 Fax: (202) 462-2001
 E-mail: joseph.moore@phrma.org

[illegible]

1. Name of the person or organization 2. Address 3. City, State, Zip 4. Telephone number 5. Fax number 6. E-mail address 7. Website address 8. Other information	9. Name of the person or organization 10. Address 11. City, State, Zip 12. Telephone number 13. Fax number 14. E-mail address 15. Website address 16. Other information
---	--

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 101–108

A YEAR ago this month when *Esquire* took the plunge with an all-fiction issue, it was ill-fated and with our eyes tightly closed. We jumped—expecting a chilly reception. Our apprehensions were based on prevailing wisdom: Fiction doesn't sell. Fever and lesser bathos in writing it. And only a stubborn and shrinking number of publishers waste paper and ink in its behalf.

This year, in happy contrast, we take the plunge with all the gusto of Great Loupense: high off the highest platform, rejoice with a picknick, backflip, and rity ozen to complete the stunt. Why, suddenly, all this exuberance? Simply put, last year's *Saltwater* theatricals turned out to be a smashing literary success.

First and most important, the issue elicited an unusually loud and sustained reaction from readers. Judging from newspaper asks and reader mail, the August 1984 issue ranked as one of *Esquire's* most popular of the year. From March

the year. When the 1980s vineyard in Santa Monica, owned to shares by Doctor Kesten, and Oates, amongst other letters and cards to let a good time they were having, anyway. One man o

By the time I reached Mass I was
giddy. I read the wrong ones
the Updike, Dickson and I
are good examples of the
American fiction - (some of
are our best for more subtle
and more than others). Thanks
getting everyone together

The summer-reading is now wide attention and currency and academic circles writing teachers requested as they assembled to justify their fall reading lists. Perhaps of the need, George M. Foster Press called to ask for



These *Ungulatum* whose paratypes of *U. n. n. n.* are
located in the most of photographs (by *U. n. n. n.*)

the contents of the magazine in book form, along with the rest of our 1984 fiction. Published in July, it was entitled *The Esquire Fiction Reader, Volume 1*—the first of an annual series.

Writers of fiction, of course, hated the fiction-versus experiment argument. Overnight, the number of unsolicited stories we receive nearly tripled. Editors of literary journals in no way less surprised by the issue's popularity: they'd been among a minority of interest in the short-story form for some years. But there were some blazes whose reviews were mixed, notably one important writer who wished to remain nameless. He wrote to fiction editor Jack Hills

I feel like an idiot criticizing your name—because I understood you were gay/lesbian/whatever/whatever/sexual/sexual/sexual... I am exactly with you in the belief that the real description of what is going on will never be given by historians.

journalists, psychologists, or leaders of communities. And if fiction, which does not give us the future, is no better than it is, you need to know.

To make Hunt feel better, he added that he liked the stories by Kasey and Oetzel.

This year, at last, the novel was produced primarily by Hills and his associate, Tom Jenks. Their objective was to acquire work that characterized the broad spectrum of American fiction and still reveals the separatist tendencies that run through the genre in this direction. We're certain the editors understand their intent, what with the assistance of Frank Conroy, Anne Beattie, Peter Matthiessen, Ellice Walker, Robert Stone, John Vonnegut, and William Stryker, whose first writing since *Sinister's* *Chappaqua* appears here. Shrug, well, it's a decent effort.

And then there is Debra Spark, who, at twenty-five, is certainly the youngest of our contributors and manifestly the least known. Winner of the Grand Priz at times her work has appeared, which in our mind makes it of bronze.

helpful to a host of others: to Twigg was a good spot to production, and to Giff Goren, Grace Paley, Donald Barish, and Elinor, Jon Harrison, Joyce and James Salter, who granted to pay tribute to each of cost. Also, our thanks go to America's new and old writers, whose infinite stories and lives today appear in page 123. We thank them for their best of their lives.

—Lee Eichenlaub



MADE IN U.S.A. 100% COTTON

ASSURING QUALITY • AUTHENTIC EASY FIT

Polo
RALPH LAUREN



DUNGAREES

Inspired by the comfortable character of well-worn utility clothing.

These Polo by Ralph Lauren dungarees are cut to fit in the spirit of an old-time country and durability were made especially for laborers. The generous full fly provides freedom of movement with the classic good-looking American work clothes. Custom-made of rugged, 14-ounce, 100% cotton denim. These dungarees are introduced with the Ralph Lauren red and white striped and feature an authentic, buttoned fly. The denim has been pre-washed for softness and character, and will become better and more personalized with age.

100% COTTON • MADE IN U.S.A. 100% COTTON • MADE IN U.S.A.

REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF. 100% COTTON • MADE IN U.S.A.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FINDING THEMSELVES

PLAUDITS TO David Leavitt ("The New Levi Generation," May) for describing my age group so well. This is a group to tend to yourself—it may take a while for them to understand why many of us in our mid-thirties choose to live alone, abhor away from commitment and chasing what may be unobtainable career goals. As Leavitt writes, "Those who belong to no one but themselves can never be abandoned."

Donna H. Bishop
Tucson, Ore.

THE PROBLEM David Leavitt speaks of it not in our generation but in his group, those who "lead the sort of life that carries a good biographical entry in the back of a literary magazine—living and working in Manhattan." I can't remember the last time I cheered up like Karen Silkwood in journalism. Those of us who didn't grow up gentle and never thought "the life was something gloriously remote about the way to live life." Enough generation generalizing.

Ann Pao
San Francisco

WHILE ADMIRING David Leavitt's powers of observation and analysis, I must question his optimistic despair. Born in 1958, I too have sensed the frodo he reports of being too young for romantic activity, too old for electronic sexuality. But my God, who were they letting into Yale a few years ago? The \$10,000-a-year education seems to have bought him life more than the ability to culturally justify undergraduate reactions.

Leavitt's attempt to characterize his generation by looking no farther than a trench full of bombed aperts is one more case of his "dancing with himself." Somebody should have told him that dancing with yourself isn't really dancing.

Jeremy Schreiber
Danbury Conn.

TALKING HEADS is playing. I've finished my Raga and tour-with-Purmes-chorus dance. Instead of composing still more letters collected my arrest in New York City. I'm compelled to write this one because I cannot get David Leavitt's writing easy out of my mind.

I never consciously thought of us as being an absence of electricity, but since every detail Leavitt writes of has growing up and

current existence rings so true, so must the first diagnosis. It's funny when I close my eyes I still find it impossible to envision myself ten years down the road, but after reading Leavitt's article I can see myself even much more clearly.

Laura Kelly
Washington, D.C.

LEAVITT'S ARTICLE put into words the disillusionment and confusion that have become so much a part of my life. Like Leavitt, I am learning that the once-to-five world of work does not match the exciting romantic vision I have carried with me for so long. Yet I am plagued by a longing for security I am able to imagine but not desire. "Thank you for bringing our 'invisible species' into view. Perhaps writers like Leavitt can help us find our own tomorrow by defining us today."

Elizabeth Lenz
Raleigh, N.C.

DAVID LEAVITT'S tale is a sad one, indeed. Recent Yale graduate, living in New York, having flunked out of tender times as a child visiting with siblings at Stanford. He describes his poem and career very disenchanted. He finds them surrounded in the game of life without a compass.

The author goes on to say that he looks to old friends of *The Mary Tyler Moore* Shneiderman newspaper. "What would Mary do?" he asks.

Mary would get off her dull and do something! Each of us is responsible to ourselves without consent to leading a fulfilling life. As for Leavitt's bleeding-heart sentiment to himself—I'm not buying.

Leona Bickelstein (aka)
Academic Advisor
The University of Missouri
St. Louis, Mo.

A GENERATION with influence points that Sonny Bono, Mike Rizzo, and Alvin Karpis is not going to make any cage. Leavitt wrote something I have suspected for a long time, each generation, including my own, is screwed up in its own unique way.

John Corbin
New York, N.Y.

OUR GENERATION, according to Leavitt, uses the cold and dark of nuclear oblivion as a rationalization for equine hedonism. This is a lie. Our fear of nuclear destruction is merely a veneer on our own

inability to accept the huge responsibilities for engineering our own destiny.

Leavitt appears skilled at using pop-cultural shams. Yet he cites only those experiences and characters that suit his purposes. In the end, it appears he has forgotten the most important TV-generated example of all after reading David Leavitt's essay, what would Captain Kirk think of us?

Deborah Wheeler
New York, N.Y.

BOY JAGGER

THANK YOU for "Jagger-Watching" by Joe Matherese. Mary Jagger may be the superstar of music, but now I know all I would ever want to know about her. He's a being, self-centered, immature, pompous, chauvinistic and I feel sorry for the people who are in on his period.

Ann Zinkoff
Dundee, Iowa

GETTY'S GALLERY

HAROLD WILLIAMS, president of the J. Paul Getty Trust, is characterized in your story as the Getty Museum's "An Embodiment of Riches," by Anthony Brandt. May I as a philistine who "knew very little about the art world when he was hired." This is nonsense, in fact. Mr. Williams was a trustee of the Norton Simon Museum for a good many years before the Getty appointed him. Your writer credits him with being good people; none of them would have come if he were a philistine!

John Walsh, Director
The J. Paul Getty Museum
Malibu, Calif.

I WILL feel more sympathetic to British leers that the Getty Museum is capturing their cultural and artistic treasures when the Elgin Marbles are back in Greece.

Scott Winkler
Arlington, Tex.

Editor's note: In our April "Blowover" the cover illustration for John Gattuso's book *We Lost Atlantis So Much and A Change of Light was done by Hansome*, and the cover design for *The Shattered Piano* was done by Lorraine Lott.

Letters in the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Room 2, Post Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Tradition with a dash of the unexpected.

ARAMIS 900

Aramis 900 Herbal Cologne for men.

aramis



Mon.



Tue.



Wed.



Thur.



Fri.



Sat.

The week Newsweek readers began firing at Will.

The week was January 12th, 1976. The subject: "Kaue Rockne for President."

It was George Will's first column for Newsweek. And as he composed the histrionics of a pragmatic speech to the hysteria of pre-election politics, a new generation of readers was born. Readers who have a pecu-

liar habit of reading our magazine backward. (From the back page, where George's column appears, forward.)

His witty, erudite style has earned him the respect and loyalty of a large (but split) audience: those who love him, as well as those who love to hate him.

Alternating with Meg

Greenfield, our other national-affairs columnist, Will hits on a wide range of subjects: from the future of American politics to the future of the Chicago Cubs.

His column is the continuation of one of Newsweek's boldest innovations in news-weekly journalism: the concept of signed opinions. Pioneered

with Raymond Moley's first "Perspective" column in 1937. And continuing through the years with voices as calm as Walter Lippmann and as impassioned as Stewart Alsop.

In addition, Newsweek introduced the first newsweekly columns on business, economics and sports, the first column

authored by guests and the first signed criticism of the arts.

Will and Greenfield have garnered top honors. Both are Pulitzer Prize winners. And both have been notable figures at the National Magazine Awards.

In fact, Newsweek staffers have won over 600 awards for excellence in journalism. More

than any other newsweekly.

Which brings us to our point: when a magazine starts striving for excellence, where there's a Will, there's a way.

Nobody gets you into the news like

Newsweek



CORDON NEGRO BRUT
MÉTHOUE CHAMPENOISE

Freixenet

MAKE IT A MEMORY.

©1989 Pineland S.A., San Sadurn de Noya, Spain. Pineland, S.A., Inc., W. Milford, N.J. Pineland is a registered trademark.

THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL

BY PHILLIP MOFFITT

DANCING AND DAZZLING

A flashback conversation with a woman coming of age

WHEN SHE walked into the office, I could see she had changed; it was reflected in the confidence of her walk, the darkness of her grooming, and even the hairstyle: more daring than the previous one. She is now about thirty-three and probably looks her best ever. I said so much. She laughed and replied: "I plan to continue improving for a few more years and then gradually and sneakily slide downward."

We walked a few blocks in the first warm sunshine of spring to a nearby coffee-making small talk, getting used to each other. We had first met two years ago when she was getting out of college and seeking financial support for a business she wanted to start—a very idealistic and not very practical idea that she subsequently abandoned. Now she was firmly established as a professional, one with a certain amount of adventure and glamour, happily business in her three-year-old marriage, and looking about ready to get pregnant.

We had some business contact through the years and have friends in common, particularly one very good friend, but somehow had never become especially close. However, periodically she would come wandering in for a serious talk—generally to discuss her life and her identity in the world. On this day she wanted to rant.

She gave me a brief description of what she had accomplished and why she had been able to pull it off. I smiled as she talked, for clearly here was a person coming into her own, both professionally and personally, and it is such an encouraging experience to witness someone, after years of struggle, really entering a period of happiness.

Suddenly, she switched topics. "You know, I had always wanted to exist in a world to which I was not a tragic misfit—and only when I was able to move just that close could I come into my own. It was like I had to realize the masculine power

in me, so I could be a full person with my own magic."

So we had come to the purpose of this thing, a testimony of arrival, a sharing of newly gained knowledge, and maybe a little bit of reality testing.

The waitress came and we placed our orders. I agreed; yes, the act of moving beyond dependence on a male insured to the woman to assume a greater personal power in their own lives. I observed that when a woman made such a transition, she became an even more desirable companion to a strong man.

We talked about men with whom she had come into contact who seemed to have the insight and intensity she defined as magic. "Why," she wanted to know, "do most such men self-destruct?" This was a question I had not asked myself, so I could not offer her much in the way of answer.

As our food arrived, she mentioned such a man, a friend who had encouraged everyone he met, who had lived free of



most normal concerns, but who, in the end, had driven his car off the road and killed himself. She stopped eating, clearly still trying to understand the mystery of the man.

On two occasions I had been in situations where her friend had held forth. "I always thought he was a man filled with the strength of youth," I told her, "with a kind of precociousness that somehow permitted him his torments but was never replaced by an adult witpower. And one day the passing of time takes away the fire from youth, and those who have not nurtured some adult force within simply run out of the will to live. Imagine it as an exhaustion of inventory—it has nothing to do with being a good or bad person."

"I used to resent the observations you made about me," she said, switching topics again. "I felt that you didn't know me well enough to be interpreting my behavior, and it made me feel every time that each time

I'd eventually conclude you had been right. One day I realized it just didn't matter how you knew things about me, what mattered was that the information helped me understand myself."

As it happens, I now think her initial reaction was correct. I didn't know her well enough, but I was a young man, filled with an enthusiasm for learning and eager to share insights.

Now it was her turn. She, who vibrated with the energy of newfound perceptions about the nature of life, was ready to question me about the effects of actions I had or had not taken. "I distinctly remember," "Why," she asked, "do you continue to do what you do?" I stumbled something to answer I don't even remember it. Clearly frustrated with my reply, she started again. "Don't you care whether or not you go on?" I tried, really tried, to answer. How could I explain, to borrow part of a line from a poem, "that I did not have a secret chart to the heart of this or any other matter?"

"Maybe you're not meant to do more," she said. I tried to ignore some of the ambiguity of my mistake, how I experienced my working days as a kind of practice. She pressed on with her inquiry, her remarks were pointed and seemed for the most part on target, and I was floored by her faith in me. Even as she questioned my life-style, my excessive work commitment, my lack of other enthusiasms, she shared with appreciation for my passion.

Neither of us is much of a sage trying to find answers to her questions, a better way to further explain the contradictions of my life. But for the most part I couldn't dwell in the patterns of life, yet fill my days with specific goal-oriented activities. I want to live mostly outside of time, yet am contained in the contradictions of time. She is filled with the answers of her belief in time and place. She has learned that the first step toward happiness is doing only these things that will give you some good days ahead of you. And in being able to act on this knowledge, she is very ahead of me, as I dwell in my contradictions, forever sitting on my fence contemplating.

The conversation turned back to her as we rode some last stabs at our places. "You know, I feel passive," she said, "and I think most women who establish themselves as powerful somehow become this way. We simply sit in our own place and react to what comes by. I know how active I am, but that's a hell of a kick in the butt." I recognized the truth at her words. She was an image trying to make life fit some fantasy in order for it to have meaning; she was feeling disillusioned at life as it is.

"You never do the normal things others do," she observed, "but I tried to do normal things at regular times. It helps me feel personal enough because it gives me balance." I told her I had not been the lack of trying, because I too believe in living according to life's natural rhythms. It seemed to me she was being very realistic and gaining insight at an overwhelming rate. "You know, this may sound strange to you," I said, interrupting as I recognized, "but it's important that you continue to occasionally find a force outside yourself that you experience as extraneous might not relate to it as a female. Just allow yourself to realize the fallacies of your identity for balance and stability."

I do not know if what I said registered,

and even if it did, she may have thought it a clichéd remark. I hope not, because it will have witnessed in her eyes that one must stay in contact with the "forms" of one's identity in order to stay grounded. Material success is a dangerous accomplishment, and now that so many women are finally getting their rightful share of this experience, they too are falling victim to the same pitfalls as men.

My mind jumps through their women who



would have been shocked to hear the advice I had just offered. Not two months earlier I had spent the morning with this other woman, who had just accepted a new top management position. I had given her exactly the opposite advice. Although slightly older and already with a family, she has yet to let loose the full mainstreamness of her ego, to shed all her defenses, to have the satisfaction of doing it her way. Although at the top of the corporate structure, she has never taken that final step, which all effective managers must take, of asserting full authority. In working with men I most often have to restrain the inherent asserting themselves before they are really ready, but with women, it's often a push in this direction they need. And she has lived out this "guardian" role, she will be ready for the kind of integration of personality I was hearing about from the confident woman sitting across the table, patiently waiting for me to focus on her again.

I realize this period of time, with all its

attractions, will pass," she said. "I tell myself that all the time, but I am going to enjoy it while I have it." I looked and kept my thoughts to myself. I could have said that she and so many women of her generation are fortunate in the manner in which they are coming into maturity, but they are finding within themselves the so-called "male" characteristics of aggression, competition, and independence while being able to keep the "female-associated" characteristics of emotion and expansion. She is fortunate on two counts. Many of her older sisters, those who first discovered the need for change in the mid-1960s, were so wounded in the process of fighting for these possibilities that they were separated from some essential sense of themselves and have suffered much displacement and disorientation. I could also have told her she was lucky, because I have sat in this same restaurant no more than one occasion and had very similar conversations with her male counterparts as they too experienced that flunk of confidence upon discovering their own ability and self-worth. But what a difference! Men always have even lacked the self-awareness and flexibility that she and so many other women have.

As we paid our check and prepared to leave, she turned and said, "You know, this is the best conversation I think we've had, because there is absolutely nothing I went from you, and it's awfully hard to be natural with someone when you want to do business with them."

I laughed and agreed, and we walked back along the crowded sidewalk to the office.

"By the way," she said, "if by chance you get a call from Mr. X at company Y, please take time to tell him what a good job I've done for you over the years, because I've just packed a big proposal."

I said I would and with pleasure. We hugged and said goodbye at the corner and went our separate ways.

Over Ten What is a wonder I couldn't have done it as well when I was her age and still did such things. That is, I thought, definitely a person coming into her own. I walked back into my office, and someone asked, "What are you smiling about?" Choking, I replied, "I just had a very good time."

FULLAP MORRITT is the author or co-author and president of Equinox.

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's — you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



The first Subaru designed to accelerate your pulse rate.

Subaru humbly introduces a car that will knock your socks off.

The 1985 Subaru XT Coupe.

A car whose combination of styling, technology and interior features is not only new, but unique among today's cars.

Starting from the ground up, we took the best inherent qualities associated with Subaru and combined them with our latest, most advanced technologies. And they include everything from a self-adjusting air suspension system most commonly found on jets to front wheel drive with 5-speed turbo.

The result is a car that lets you control roads, hug curves and plow through snow, all the while surrounding you in the most luxurious creature comforts.

From the outside, the most innovative aspect of the Subaru XT Coupe is its styling. And yet the term styling is one that hardly does justice to this exterior.

The Subaru XT Coupe is one of the most aerodynamic production cars in the world. Its astoundingly low drag coefficient is achieved with a low slanting hood, concealed headlamps, flush roof pillars and door handles, and a smooth flowing roofline, to mention just the most obvious contributors.

The only car of its kind with an "On Demand" four wheel drive system.

No other sporty car offers you the choice of the following technologies: front wheel drive, front wheel drive turbo, and Turbo Traction™.

In plain English, our "On Demand" four wheel drive transmission lets you switch from front wheel drive to four wheel drive instantly and without stopping. Turbo Traction combines Subaru's proven "On Demand" four wheel drive system with the power of a 1.8 litre fuel injected water cooled turbo.

And when the talk shifts to engines, the XT Coupe really takes off!

Because it's the most powerful, most performance oriented car Subaru has ever engineered.

And if that's not enough, you can com-

bine any Subaru engine with either a 5-speed manual or 3-speed automatic transmission.

To call the Subaru XT Coupe unique in its class would be inaccurate. It creates an entirely new class of its own.

The interior is as advanced as the exterior.

From the all new adjustable sports seats with high side bolsters for lateral support, to the soft grip telescopic tilt steering wheel with moving instrument panel, this interior has been designed to make you feel a world away from the world outside.

Its "fingertip close" instrument pods put vital controls within easy reach. And the unique video monitor easily provides important engine information at a single glance. But they're only part of a state-of-the-art display of information for which the word "dashboard" is barely adequate.

In fact, once inside you'll notice that the XT Coupe bears no resemblance to any previous Subaru. Or, for that matter, any other car.

An untraditional car born out of traditional values.

The 1985 Subaru XT Coupe is available in four versions: DL, GL, and the extra luxurious front wheel drive GL-10 Turbo, and GL-10 4WD Turbo.

All of them, however, have one important thing in common. They're all Subaru. Which means no matter how technologically advanced and luxurious, they're all true to the Subaru tradition of building the world's most dependable cars at an affordable price.

In fact, according to a recent survey by an independent research firm*, Subaru was ranked second only to Mercedes-Benz in customer satisfaction. Better than Toyota, Honda, Nissan, Mazda, BMW, or any car by GM, Ford or Chrysler.

What's more, many Subaru dealers also offer Added Security®. The only extended service contract backed directly by Subaru.

The 1985 Subaru XT Coupe.

It's everything Subaru has always been. And everything it's never been.

THE 1985 SUBARU.
Inexpensive. And built to stay that way.

How to use it even if you lose it.

PREMIER VISA CARD

Even if your Premier Visa Card is lost, some of its best services remain. No matter where you are.

Like emergency cash. Up to \$5,000 is available at over 48,000 locations around the world. That's more places than any other card.

And round-the-clock emergency help. Simply make a toll-free phone call to a Visa Travel Service Center. You can select from a variety of helpful services. Your missing Premier Visa Card will be reported to the bank. And a replacement card arranged, usually within a single business day. If your passport is missing, you'll be directed to the nearest embassy or consulate. You can even send an emergency message.

And if you Don't Lose it. Of course you don't have to misplace the card to enjoy its benefits.

It comes with a minimum of \$5,000 in spending power. Plus 157,000 bank offices around the globe where you can arrange routine cash advances.

You can use the card to guarantee reservations at participating hotels and resorts worldwide. They will also cash a personal check or provide a cash advance, for up to \$250.

And a minimum of \$150,000 in travel accident insurance applies automatically when the card is used to buy travel tickets.

The Global Premier Advantage. All this, plus a card that provides a premier welcome at more than 4 million places in 156 countries on six continents.

With all that, how can you lose?



ALL YOU NEED.

AND NOW, GIORGIO FOR MEN.



*The great new
American fragrance*

Exclusively yours at Giorgio, Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills.

The New Giorgio Extraordinary Fragrance Boutique, 47 East 80th Street, New York, and very few select stores.

Or call our unlisted toll-free number 1-800-GIORGIO.

Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE The New Deal in Art



On a Fifty-seventh Street art museum produced some two hundred thousand prints during the Depression and the early years of World War II. Both were conceived as relief measures for out-of-work artists, and both were viewed as vehicles for promoting American printmaking as art for the people. The democratic vistas they produced are still great, but American prints of the 1930s are remarkably affordable even today: many are available for as little as \$150, and even the most sought after examples seldom bring more than \$5,000—about the cost of a run-of-the-mill Picasso.

Unlike American art movements of the 1950s and 1960s—abstract expressionism, minimalist, and pop—the art of the 1930s has long been dismissed as naive and provincial. Only in the past few years have art historians begun to appreciate that this art laid the groundwork for what came

later. Several museums, including the Metropolitan in New York, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and the British Museum in London, have started actively acquiring 1930s prints. Christie's features them in its seasonal sales of American prints. New galleries have moved into the field—Mary Ryan in New York, Alec Tolan in New Orleans, Tobey Moss in Los Angeles, the Bethesda Gallery outside Washington, D.C. What drew them all to the excitement of an unexplored territory.

"To my way of thinking, this is almost the last frontier left in prints," says Jeffrey Lurie, the magazine director of AAM, who recently opened a print gallery of his own down the street. "Everything else has been bought, sold, exhibited, and what we now try to do is think of different ways to put it together. But with American prints, there's a constant rediscovery of wonderful artists who've somehow gotten passed by." Cole was thinking of people like Stuart Davis, an early collector whose 1929 *Art*, a 1930 lithograph, is currently exhibited with a \$15,000 price tag. "If Stuart Davis had been a Picasso," he declared, "the world have been richer as one of the masters of the twentieth century."

BUDDY, CAN YOU DRAW A LINE?

Paris was still the capital of the art world in Davis's time, but the pessimists that had made expatriates of earlier generations of American artists were already beginning to soften. Government patronage helped provide a kind of lifeboat for what American art should actually be, and this debate was reflected in the diversity of styles that artists pursued. In the forefront of the controversy were the Regionalists, led by

Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, Grant Wood of Iowa, and John Steuart Curry of Kansas, who glorified rural existence while denouncing the pretensions of the European avant-garde. Ironically, however, those pretensions are quite evident in their work. Wood's carefully modulated cordfolds, for example, would have been inconceivable without the abstractor's influence he picked up in Paris in the 1930s.

While the Regionalists depicted an idealized version of the American heartland, the Social Realists, primarily centered in New York, went for the harsh realities of urban existence—homelessness, tenements, despair. Descendants of the ashcan school, which had scandalized turn-of-the-century society by focusing on the gritty side of city life, people such as Margaret Marich, Raphael Soyer, and Fritz Schuchman set out to glorify the workman and to document the human cost of capitalism's advance. But there was also a keen political side to their work, a celebration of the rhythms and textures of the city, and this is what many collectors value most about it today.

Other currents were evident as well. Precisionists such as Louis Lozowick and Charles Sheeler captured the essence of modernity in their hard-edged renderings of factories, skyscrapers, and bridges. In New England, Clare Leighton and Thomas Nelson produced exquisitely detailed wood engravings of rural scenes. In Los Angeles there was a postwar-art movement led by Lorser Feinelson, who lived in Europe during the early 1930s and had been seduced by the dramatic imagery of the surrealists. Feinelson and his circle were to be reborn from New York that they got left out of the art history

Man At His Best

books, an omission that's being corrected now that they've been rediscovered by dealers like *Toby's* store.

All of these books were represented in the WPA's Federal Art Project, a growing bureaucracy that sought to provide artists with jobs. The average pay was twenty-three dollars a week, and the prints that produced were distributed to schools, hospitals, libraries, and other public buildings. Artists reacted to all this as an unfairly predictable fashion; they started thinking of themselves as workers and loved unions to battle for their rights. "The artist comes to be an ornament of the park lot, a playboy companion of the dilettante patron," wrote artist Ralph Peckham when the American Artists' Congress held an exhibition in 1936. "He becomes, instead, a workman among workers." This level of talk put Congress upset about Communist subversion, and in 1938 the WPA was cut back and its participants required to sign a loyalty oath. Four years later it was abolished entirely.

WPA art is still an issue in some circles of the govern-

ment, although for different reasons. Two years ago, when Christie's was about to auction off an extensive private collection of WPA prints, it got a call from the General Services Administration, the agency that manages government property. The GSA guidelines had seen the ads for the WPA prints, and their position was that the prints, having been produced with government supplies by artists on government salary, were still owned by the government. Christie's, faced with the threat of a court injunction, agreed to withdraw any prints bearing the WPA stamp. The GSA then used to restrict the works, but since then nothing has happened. The prints are still sitting in Christie's offices; the company still doesn't know if they'll be able to sell them; and the issue of what happens to WPA prints that fall into private hands remains unresolved. Decker's decision to buy and sell them unencumbered, however, so far the most of the moral of this tale seems to be, if you're going to collect prints of the 1930s, don't evoke a G-man to dinner.

—Frank Rose

CLASSICS Argyle Socks



PROFANE GUY/STUDIO BAKER

When she came to the telephone, the duchess of Argyll made it clear by the look on her face that she had been asked about argyle socks before. "They have nothing to do with the family!" she said, placing sharp emphasis on the first syllable of "nothing."

My late husband the duke appeared as an advertisement for argyle socks in the 1950s, she went on, "and it made me very angry. I was very cross. It is a thing that has always annoyed me. It's the wrong tartan, the wrong colors, and the wrong spelling."

Indeed, the blue-and-green tartan of the Argyll family bears about as much resemblance to the varicolored pattern of electric blue, black, and red argyle socks. No one knows precisely how the socks came to be called argyle in the first place, but the suspicion is that commercial considerations entered into it. "I suppose it was just a question of a sock that had to have a name," the duchess said.

Traditionally, before there was any such thing as knitted argyle socks, bowery wools with tartans was cut into the tartan itself, but it was cut on the loom to give the socks a distinct pattern. The socks were held up by needles that put below the knee. You can see from the

family portraits of Scottish Highlanders that knitted argyle began to replace the tartan-on-the-bust socks sometime in the mid-nineteenth century.

This was the period when going up to Scotland for a bit of moor shooting was just becoming fashionable among the English gentry. Englishmen had little interest in wearing kilts, but they favored the socks. As it happened, the big grouse-hunting estates in Argyleshire were the closest to England and therefore the best known. The Argyll family, a prominent branch of the Campbell clan, had produced five centuries of dukes, earls, and marquesses. And just when the knitted socks were making their appearance, the ninth duke of Argyll married the family even further by marrying Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, Princess Louise. So if in the middle of the last century a sock had to have a Scottish name, what better one could there have been than argyle?

I did not have the temerity to ask the duchess how much the sock company had paid her late husband for his endorsement. No doubt she feels the family paid an over-high price. One can imagine, however, that by the 1950s the damage had already been done. By then, argyle socks were practically a universal commodity, and they

Olden Goldies



Quebec City, Quebec, 1950-1951. Photo courtesy of the City of Quebec



Come relive our memories of days gone by. Historical sites and villages, old world cities and new found treasures of our past are alive and thriving in Canada. From the only walled city in North America, to customs, pagans and traditions that live on we'd like to play host to your trip through our past.

It's no surprise that most visitors step back into Canada time and time again where the American dollar enjoys a remarkable premium—so much so 30-35% extra at financial institutions.

Surprise yourself with a Canadian vacation. For information, check the phone numbers in the picture captions, or call your favourite travel agent. It's a memory you'll always treasure.

Canada
The Endless Surprise

BIBLIOPHILIA

The Scoop on Travel

Some of the best travel writing in English was done by a dozen or so British writers between the wars, and the best of those literary travelers was Evelyn Waugh. The author of *Brideshead Revisited* was every bit as witty in his travel books as he was in his fiction books and, as the characters he encountered from *India to India* in *Zandora* were just as bizarre as the ones he invented in London. Originally published in 1946 and now handsomely reissued in hardcover by Little, Brown, *When the Going Gets Good* consists of Waugh's own selections from four of his travel books, encompassing a stroll excursion through southern Europe and the Middle East, a trip to some of the most

difficult, a borrowing horseback trip through the Italian Alps, and a return to *Mysore*—by this Englishman in and out of the world. Through comic episodes, with Waugh playing an uncharacteristically modest and unassuming role—for instance, as the victim of Mr. Lubbock, a formidable businessman in India who takes him on "a little walk over the rocks" that turns out to be an ordeal on preposterous cliffs. There are, in fact, quite a few ordeals mixed in with the farce here. Waugh never took the easy way out. The prose is flawless, the observation razor-sharp, the comedy impeccable; the pang, in short, could not be better. ●

Man At His Best

had even become part of the traditional men's costume in another Indian country half a world away, the tiny Bhutanese kingdom of Bhaktia. Closer to home, men were wearing apples in every conceivable color—bright reds, brilliant yellows, pinks, turquoises, good taste, bad taste. No wonder the descriptions are mixed. With such displays of apple, whether it be knee socks, parading under Bermuda shorts or male socks waving at her from between the legs of shoes and the cuffs of slacks, the lady must have suffered yet another pang.

Apples do have their place, they are a pleasing display. No common sense would indicate, the more eye-catching the

color scheme, the more casual the effect. Socks can be loud. Apples are most appropriate with informal dress: cardigans and a sweater, slacks and a blazer. Only the most subtle and subdued apple would work with a suit.

In any case, there seems to be no way out for the Apple family, so going back, no chance of retaining the socks. Even the Bhutanese refer to them as apples. A hundred years from now the majority of it will probably still reside another dickens, who will end off with the same tag and the same final comment: "After all, one doesn't want you know to be known for socks."

—John Berendt

THE DRINKING MAN How to Buy a Drink for a Lady



Not long ago in a restaurant on a commercial strip of highway—a well-known landmark of place a traveler might wander into just to get out of his mental ruts—I watched a slightly embarrassed fellow with a well-known name of dinner after school a drink to a female colleague at a nearby table. The recipient of the gift was pleased to get it, and presently the two of them were seated together and mutually agree. And turned out, the woman was a man, about well diagnosed, and there ensued a raucous, pretty hilarious atmosphere but disruptive at

the time. If the food had been palatable, my meal would have been ruined.

Anyway, the point is that the man's reward matched his gesture. His offer was a barely clothed suggestion, laced at its core with out-drawnness and disrepute, and a common perversion of gentlemanliness. Drinking ought to be a civil pursuit, I think, and its civility is tarnished when it serves merely as a euphemism. If you're going to be true to the convivial essence of drinking, then you'll understand that a girlfriend drink is, more often than not, an unwelcome introduction. There's

an aggressiveness to it, presumptuousness, and innuendo, implied if not blatant. Drinking a drink at a friendly, where they are for good reasons and to be keeping their own company by choice. You're doing to intrude on someone's privacy. And as a result, you'll be most honorably served by advancing less substantial rather than yours. Order your own drink first, and then begin an introduction. From the look of things in the hotel—you're both on business, both traveling, both tired, conditions that ought to fuel mutual sympathy easily enough—it shouldn't be hard. (It is, let's say.) In the neighborhood bar, you might suggest you shared her because she's alone in a place where people usually aren't alone. Would she like some company?

It's simply respectful to establish a bond, however flimsy, before offering to buy a drink, an act that will exponentially prolong the encounter at least as long as it takes to down it. Once there is a bond, such a suggestion becomes the natural and gentlemanly thing. And it's then that the offer of a drink—and the drink itself—can promote intimacy.

Where, then, and when? Let's start a couple of hypothetical stages.

Scene in a city hotel, away on business. Entering the bar for a day of meetings, you see a solitary woman sitting herself on a stool. She, too, has on business clothes, the lap of her skirt creased from a day of sitting down and standing up. As you watch, she crosses her legs and angles the top of her crossing leg, an unconscious, fidgeting gesture of weariness. You take the opportunity.

Or let's say you're visiting a bar you've been to before, an unusual place where people from the neighborhood know the bartender and often drop in for a nightcap. Tonight you notice a new face. She's alone and seems a little awkward among the regulars and their familiar conversation. Maybe she's waiting for someone. But her evident discomfort moves you, and you decide to try and help out.

In any case, whatever it is that's spurred you, it's right, I think, to assume that strangers are duplicitous enough to be where they are for good reasons and to be keeping their own company by choice. You're doing to intrude on someone's privacy. And as a result, you'll be most honorably served by advancing less substantial rather than yours. Order your own drink first, and then begin an introduction. From the look of things in the hotel—you're both on business, both traveling, both tired, conditions that ought to fuel mutual sympathy easily enough—it shouldn't be hard. (It is, let's say.) In the neighborhood bar, you might suggest you shared her because she's alone in a place where people usually aren't alone. Would she like some company?

It's simply respectful to establish a bond, however flimsy, before offering to buy a drink, an act that will exponentially prolong the encounter at least as long as it takes to down it. Once there is a bond, such a suggestion becomes the natural and gentlemanly thing. And it's then that the offer of a drink—and the drink itself—can promote intimacy.

In short, attitude is helpful, but integrity is all. The notion that offering a drink to a stranger is an essentially persuasive is bolstered by words, and more so by money. A tall, lean guy walks up to the bar, where sits alone, young woman. "Hey you, a drink," he says. "What?" for "What?" depending on whether he's wearing a tuxedo or chaps, and thus is promptly ignored. This has always seemed to me a mythology that is strikingly out of touch. There is a scene in Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* that gets it right. In it, Alex Portnoy approaches a lecherous young woman on the street and offers to take her for a drink. She looks him with well-defined scorn, at which, in anger, he bursts out with what is really on his mind. "That's better," she replied. "Portnoy says. And so a cab pulled up, and we went to her apartment, where she took off her

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH RICKEY HENDERSON WITH ATHLETE'S FOOT.

Feel the fast action of Tinactin.

In no time flat, Tinactin goes to work to relieve the itching and soreness of athlete's foot. The highly effective ingredient tolnafate kills the fungi that cause athlete's foot. Then, with daily use of Tinactin powder, you may never catch it again.

That's why Rickey Henderson and most professional athletes use Tinactin. And why most doctors, pharmacists, podiatrists and trainers recommend it.

Run with the winner.

TINACTIN. THE #1 CURE FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT.

Copyright © 1991 Schering Corporation. All rights reserved. T734-FB-12400000-0103



"When I hit the road, I'm gone. It's like I get this feeling nothing can stop me. It's just me, my machine, and my music to the max."

"Sometimes I'm gone for just a couple of hours. Sometimes it's for days. But whenever, or wherever, I"

THE PIONEER® CDX-P1 CAR COMPACT DISC PLAYER. Stomp on it. Kick it. Test it. Under any circumstances, it always comes up with beautiful music.



PIONEER

CATCH THE SPIRIT OF A TRUE PIONEER.

AFRIC IS A GOOD FEELING, and that's the problem. When most of us think of sending flowers, it's generally to a lady fair, and then we crack her a dozen love letters the way Pinlo's dog answered the bell. This has got to stop. Giving flowers is not wonderful a gesture to be governed by reflex action, or so be restricted to the service of romance. Here

flowers to potted plants is at least forty years. Eye-ball everything, then ask the names of the ones you fancy—and take notes. Find out if your favorites are seasonal, or if they're available year-round. Check out the kinds of cards that are attached to flowers ordered by telephone (you don't want an excellent choice turned by a sally card bordered with clouds).

Deep Background. For starters, you need to know what flower means. "There are morphisms between a flower and krusal genials," explains a prominent Manhattan physician. "When a man gives a woman flowers, he is saying that her labia are as beautiful as her is to the petals of a rose. He

Nature's Bounty The occasion for visiting a forest's shop is to see and smell first-hand the enormous variety of beautiful alternatives to roses. If you think a peony is rather over-

of spent lives for something as certain as erotic analitis.

The narrator, actually, flirts with her, a Galsbourn or a moment of imagination by her account are perfectly true occasions for flimflam. Don't just go on your knees or arguments for a second.

Friendship Nowhere in it writes that you may not give flowers to a female friend without implying romance—or to a male friend for that matter.

The one constant about flowers is their ability to say the same thing. Why restrict the number of ways to tell you you can give such a bouquet?

Pointe Plaster For notes and examples, never far from the spinnings, and likely for flimflam if you are 182 accept it.

then a lovely soft, coffee table
glaze, they're very expensive!
Furniture are like
business offices and possibly
only. Scrap leaves from
lower part of sofas and par
flowers in slightly more stain
in lounge life. Never do
long or romantic furniture
in a child to write on them, use
in a hotel, don't it will be
situation at a hotel, the
will come across like once
clashed gun. Don't let
any from a bunch of daisies
just because they're inausp
cheap, nothing is happier than
a daisy. As a curtain's are like
sensor phones. Get into
may help keep any man
quips in old wives' tales are
to be believed, but they can't
make a very daisy girl.
Never give a child a plant, it's
not a plant, it's a toy. (see
Rachetted above)

Courage: Once the rig starts to move, the work is tough, and you don't want to end up being carried every time a load dies.

It's the music for a hard-core smoker or a health buff. The American Historical Supply Cataloger A Year-Back-Century Series (Scholastic Books, \$9.95) is a paperback compendium of interesting facts and figures on a wide variety of American lifestyle issues. The only a catalog, though: it's American history told by five kindred of its products—dinner clothes; automobiles; Amish quilts to Confederate bullets, even. And it's all to be had, though as an illustrated edition of *Time* magazine, it's also sellable.

Some of the items, such as Mark Twain's tobacco pipe, produce all of old designs

while others—the two-lasted three-rod Buckskin's Big Boy blanket and burlap bow tie—have been in continual production. (Amesbury, Inc. each product are black-and-white photos as well as their histories.) The book's history of Levi's includes the fact that the company's popular belt, the Chalk Strainer, were never seen on blue jeans during their initial popularity. They were plaid and striped instead. The book also contains voices from the past, here in Twain, in the introduction, the section on apparel. (Curious, though, that no one people have links or no reference about society.)

BALLY OF SWITZERLAND	CORBIN Power & Quality Clothing	<i>Palm Beach</i>	ALEXANDER JULIAN	F FILA	GIANFRANCO RUFFINI	CHANEL FOR MEN	JAYMAR
JOHN HENRY	NINO CERRUTI RUE ROYALE	CESARANI	INTERFACE Products for Men	CROSSINGS	Parfums Caron Paris	INTERNATIONAL MALE	Exquisite fragrance, not just a fragrance! VIDAL SASSOON
<i>Foti</i> <i>Men's Wear</i> <i>in Italy</i>	<i>Pierre Cardin</i>	ROLEX	<i>ALSTIN REED</i> <i>of Royal Road</i>	<i>Clarks</i> OF ENGLAND	BASIC ELEMENTS	<i>Ray-Ban</i> Burlington from Bausch & Lomb	NEW MEN
JEFFREY BANKS	A ALL ABOUT THE NEW	→Arrow←	NUN BUSH	CHAS. RALPH LAUREN	<p>Just in time for fall, The Esquire Collection returns next month in September's Esquire. A fashion magazine for the professional man, the Esquire Collection is a valuable guide for fashion and style, for working, sporting, and entertaining...or just relaxing.</p> <p>You'll also find The Esquire Collection provides an exciting preview of these advertisers' fashion and grooming lines—a collection worth seeing in itself.</p> <p>THE Esquire COLLECTION</p>		The Man's Diamond. The gift of success.
JOHN HENRY	JHANE BARNES	THE LEAN MACHINE.	ROBERT STOCK	SOLOFLEX			Racquet SOUTHERN SOUTHERN SOUTHERN GLOVING
PENDLETON	le coq sportif	AUTRY	VIARNE	JAZ PARIS			Bass
Christian Dior MONSIEUR	WALTER HOLMES <i>Society Brand</i>	Vitalis	HENRY GRETHEL	Walk Over MADE IN THE U.S.A.			Hart Schaaffner & Marx
HENRY GRETHEL	<i>hartmann</i> We don't cut corners	Christian Dior	<i>The Baron</i> by <i>Baron</i>	GALLERY BY HALLS	Unmistakably® Johnston & Murphy	YVES SAINT LAURENT PARFUMS	Burlington Socks
p	RC RESEARCH CORPORATION	Woolrich	Z Zanussi	LACOSTE	Logo® PARIS	REQUISITES	Esquire

Super-premium
taste

MICHELOR
Light

In a
less filling beer.

in Taste in a Light



You can have it all.

AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

LOVING WOODY

He was the toughest coach in football, but there's more to him than that

THERE IS a terrible phrase: "Up-over people." It refers to people who live in the middle of the country—the people whose entertainment and media leaders from New York, Washington, and Los Angeles fly over on their way back and forth between the East and West coasts.

When I was growing up in central Ohio, the term had not yet been coined. We knew instinctively, though, that because we were living in Columbus, we were not considered very important by the decision makers in the intellectual and show business capitals of the country. We didn't talk about it much, but we knew it—and I think knowing it is one of the things that made me start to love Woody Hayes so much.

THE NATIONAL stereotype of Woody Hayes is negative. Pick your word badly. Unsympathetic, beer-drinking, what people called him all during his career. When he was fired as head football coach at Ohio State University in 1978 after slapping a Clemson player during the Gator Bowl, the cheers could be heard from all corners of the country.

I didn't feel that way then, and I don't feel that way now. But those of us who grew up in Columbus, Woody represented something: the idea that if we wanted people to pay any attention to us at all, we'd better be winners. We'd better be just a little better than if we lived in New York or L.A., because no one was going to come to Columbus looking for us. We'd better be so good that the rest of the world would have to pay attention almost in spite of itself.

In twenty-eight years as head coach at Ohio State, Woody Hayes won 253 football games, won thirteen Big 10 championships, took his team to the Rose Bowl eight times. But it is not the numbers that make Woody so important to me. It is the lessons he taught me just by being there in Columbus when I was a boy.



And every time I go home now, I find myself seeking him out.

WOODY is seventy-two now. He waited for me by the barista's desk of a restaurant called the Ice Box, just a few blocks from Ohio Stadium. I had tried to be early so that I wouldn't make him wait, but he was even earlier. I apologized.

"That's all right," he said. "I've been coming to this restaurant for more than forty years. I had comfortable here."

He rose from the chair where he had been sitting. He was wearing a gray long-sleeved jacket and dark slacks; we moved toward the back of the restaurant and chose a booth. We started to talk—he has a slight lisp that always surprises people who have not met him—and I asked him if there had ever been a point during his long career when he had considered looking for a job somewhere other than Columbus.

"No, because there wasn't any better job," he said. "There is no better job than

being football coach at the Ohio State University. Now, Bear Bryant, coach at Alabama, he was a better football coach than I was."

"Why do you say that?" I said.

"Because he won more games," Woody said.

"That doesn't necessarily mean that he was a better coach," I said.

"Oh, sure he was," Woody said. "He won more games."

I asked him if staying in Columbus had anything to do with feeling he wouldn't have fit in as a bigger city.

"Well, I'm glad that I didn't grow up in New York, if that's what you mean," he said. "If I had grown up in New York City, I think I would have been much more impressionable. I wouldn't have had so many people in the community looking after me. I grew up in Newcomerstown, Ohio, and when you grow up in a community like that, they know what you're doing. They know when you do something wrong."

"They know everything about you. They know your feelings, your opinions—they'll see you doing something, and they'll say, 'Now, I know you. You're the Hayes's little boy, Woodrow, aren't you?' They might not tell your parents as you, but they'll be you know that they've seen you do it in good. And if it's good for you, so have people watching like that."

"And in a community like that, a boy gets to know the old people. Do you know who lived seven miles down the road from me, in Pelee's Cy Young, the greatest baseball pitcher who ever lived. He was a big catch for the time I was a boy, and he would come into town making that doggone cornish pipe, and he walked down the main street like he lost a hat in a dinner. As great an athlete as he had been, he carried himself around like a loser."

"Did Cy Young go to New York or Hollywood?" He could have, you know. But the thing that made him great is that he knew where he belonged. When he pitched for Boston they loved him in Boston, and do

PHOTO COURTESY: BOB FORD

**THINK THAT THE WORD SOPHISTICATION CARRIES
SOMETHING OF AN EVIL TONE TO IT," SAID WOOLY. "I THINK
THAT SOPHISTICATION IS A QUALITY TO BE CAREFUL OF."**

you know why? Because he was just Cy Young, the former boy from Ohio, and people knew that he wasn't trying to be something he wasn't.

Now Thomas Wooly, he may have been the greatest writer of all, he was the one who said that you can go home again because it's changed and you're changed, that I'll never forget what it was like in my hometown. We never looked the same. We would come home and there would be a cake on the table—Mrs. Burns or Mrs. Thorne would have brought it over and left it for us. If it was Mrs. Burns there was a picture of William Howard Taft on the plate, and if it was Mrs. Thorne there was a picture of Woodrow Wilson. On a blue plate. And we would return it with another cake on it.

"And I may never have become very sophisticated, but the idea that education is important was deeply ingrained into me. My father never went to high school, but he attended some colleges and finally became superintendent of a school system. He didn't graduate from college until he was thirty-eight years old. I saw him do it one night. He had earned his diploma at Winterville, and he needed ten dollars for a cap and gown. He told my mother that he didn't think he could go, because he didn't have the money.

"And my mother said that he was going to—well, he went all going. She said a white pickup got stuck in a rut and he'd been using the money in that pickup. And she said the money was for his cap and gown, and we all went into graduation."

A television set in the corner of the restaurant was tuned to *Entertainment Tonight*. I asked Wooly if he had really meant that the man was not a sophisticated man.

"No, no, no, a sophisticated person can argue a good case for just about anything, but that thing may not be right," he said. "I think that the thing that is sophisticated carries something of an evil tone to it. I think that sophistication is a quality to be careful of."

"I've heard people from Harvard speak about certain authors, and they say, 'I can't read him.' They put you down with everything they say. I always used to tell my football players—the only way to help people like that is to outwork 'em. They may be smarter than you, so you work harder. Yessir."

"I remember, during the Vietnam War, there was that time in 1970 when some students were trying to close the campus down. They knew that I was sort of a conservative guy, but I think they still liked me. Some of them were throwing rocks, but I walked out there across the campus

to talk to them, and I turned my back on the rocks. They didn't hurt me. And they listened to me. Otherwise, I think that deep down in their hearts they wanted some older people they could listen to. And we got the campus reopened."

"You're always got to remember that every kid comes out of one kind of family environment or another. When I was coaching, I always recruited heavily in the house. I never asked where you got a kid from a good house, then that kid was going to bring to you. And where you go into the house you're going to see some things that you didn't see in the high school."

"What you do is, you watch the relationship between the kid and his mom and dad, and with his brothers and sisters. Because of there is love and respect in that home, then you know that the kid has played on a great team before he ever gets to your football team. And if you see a kid at lunchtime with his parents when you visit in the house, you'd better watch out."

I told Wooly that I had heard a story about him and that I always wondered whether it was true. In the story, Wooly's physician had warned him that he might be on the verge of a heart attack and should check into a hospital. Wooly would the warning off. That night, at home in bed, he suffered the heart attack. Because the doctor had been right and Wooly had been wrong, he lay in bed with the heart attack for eight rather than six days. He did not feel that he had the right to disturb him. At least that's how the story went.

"Well, I knew I'd had one," Wooly said. "Yes, I know I did. I didn't want to bother him. I told my wife, but I didn't want to bother the doctor and the morning."

"My health isn't quite as good as it used to be. I used to eat a lot of food—most beef, steaks. Nowadays I can't handle heavy food in the evening. I can't sleep with a dose. I used to read some, but I can't do it so much now because of my eyes."

"My wife and I have lived in the same house for thirty-four years. At the restaurant here, while I was waiting for you, everyone who came in, I knew them. But usually I had to ask myself, 'Who the hell was that kid?' I'm afraid I don't remember names as well as I used to."

"I walk down the street in this city and everyone says hello. Everyone I see speaks to me, and I certainly want to speak back. And I honestly believe that my wife knows more people in this town than I do. I decided right after I was retired that no matter what happened to me, I'm the same woman where I belonged for the rest of my life."

IT TOLD Wooly that if he had ever had any dominant reputation, it was for being tough. How important was toughness in a person's life?

"It's very important," he said. "When you get knocked down, you get right back up again. You'd better learn it early—name things in this life are going to be hard. When things are going well, that's when you've got to take yourself. 'What am I going to do when things get hard?'"

"People talk about being tough as if it's a negative thing. But I'll tell you this: In all of my years of coaching football, I never saw a guy make a tackle without a smile on his face."

As famous as he is, he talked about a recent speaking trip he had made as if he were still the boy from Newcomstown on his first journey away from home.

"I went down to Memphis State University the other night," he said. "They had made my monoroles because they were sponsored by the school. They had a very nice room for me at the hotel. And when I opened a door in the room—and there was a whole brother room from here to there! And there was a guitar with more than half a dozen then I could cut in ten days."

I said that I had paid hundreds of dollars to travel to him, but the one that always stuck with me was something he had said. Wooly said back in the middle of his coaching career. Someone had asked him if anything was wrong. He said, "I was only an uncolored attitude to take, and Wooly had supposedly answered: 'With-out winners there wouldn't even be any problems civilization.'"

Sitting across the table, Wooly said, "Well, when I lost a football game, I let down everyone."

"Don't you think they would have forgiven you?" I said.

"I had to forgive myself for it first, and that was hard enough," he said.

"What you're asking me if there is anything that is as important as winning. And I think the answer is yes. There's something that's even more important than winning."

I asked him what that was. He hesitated for a moment, then said, "There are some lines by a great author—my dad used to quote him. He said it better than I ever could."

"In the night of death, hope never enters, and morning never hears the road to hell."

The tough guy was speaking nobly.

"You see," he said, "the important thing is not always to win. The important thing is always to hope."

JOE GALLAGHER is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

Volkswagen makes an open and shut case for sportiness.

In either case, you get a dozzling array of Wolfsburg

Limited Edition extras: The open case of the Cabriolet sports a full leather interior, alloy wheels, metallic paint, power steering, and much more. The shut case of the Scirocco holds an AM/FM cassette stereo, air conditioning, rear windshield wiper, power steering, alloy wheels and much more.

In every case, the German-engineered performance is standard equipment. And in any case, you'll pay less for these sporty Volkswagens than you'd expect. Which is one more reason to get one while the limited supply lasts. We rest our cases.

The Wolfsburg Limited Edition. It's not a cor. Cabriolet and Scirocco. It's a Volkswagen.

All Volkswagens are covered by a 3-year/50,000-mile warranty. For more information, call 1-800-4-A-VW. © 1993 Volkswagen of America. [Small text about dealer]



Don't sweat it.

SOLID

SURE

Relax. You'll stay confident with Sure Solid because it goes on dry and works hard, so you can play hard. That's why when the temperature's raised, Sure Solid still lets you raise your hand for that dry, secure, confident feeling.



RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU'RE SURE.

ETHICS

BY HARRY STEIN

FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT

Knowing how and when to argue is a necessary part of astuteness

JUNNY GRAY, rust faded her dressmaker about to give, shut up. Outside 417, however, for a few minutes in the Coliseum.

"Is it time? I'm not!" I asked my wife who was sitting in her back with a pair of sleeping kids.

"Yes."

"You're sure? The car is coming up in six or seven miles."

"Yes! I've told you this before already."

"Don't yell at me, will you?"

"I'm not yelling."

"You're serious it's time?"

"It doesn't sound right to me."

"It's time! It's time!"

"You're driving me crazy!"

I felt like I'm in the middle of an Abbot and Costello routine.

It, from a distance of a month, the exchange ended as both made, the fact remains that at the time we were ready to kill.

"Goodness, it," I muttered, "why don't you just leave to drive yourself instead of begging me?"

A new point between us, this, especially since our second move out of the city.

"Why don't you fall on your face like the blacks before your race? Why don't you remember a simple number? Think of it as a lucky number, does. Or if that's too hard, make one."

NOW, ADMITTEDLY we were both tired—unusually tired—but there is more to it than that. Quite simply, this is part of how we have come to relate.

There have been times, to be sure, when, finding ourselves bickering in the presence of relative strangers, or relative friends, we have regretted that tendency to hardly reflect either of us at our most vicious. But all in all, I, at any rate, am rather pleased by it, not only because the fights are inevitably chaotic, but because my own participation in them continually reminds me of surprising, reflecting internal alterations that once seemed beyond imagination.



regard admitted emotion—else within the confines of one's own home—in fact have suggested the want of restraint if not outright instability. And for many of us who grew up during that time, the attitude cannot be simply missed away; we assume, indeed, in utterly banal or banal ways, were many of our fathers. Even in the midst of an era in which the very concept of enthusiasm seemed to be the height of becoming antique, and on the basis of a decade in which the capacity to "relax" was very nearly as sought after as it is today, we reactively must expose fundamental parts of ourselves, dropping them even to those with whom we are customarily closest.

One almost hesitates, given the widespread media attention, toxicity and hostility accorded the addition of domestic violence in this country, to make the case for the efficacy of any sort of unscripted vocal confrontation. The point, after all, is not to generate spikes but communication. Indeed, my own hypothesis is that some of us, altogether preoccupied by the mind's eye, under the wide world of complex machinery, continuously are outside as the best parts of their lives, and it is we who are made capable of truly loving and being loved, we need to be called to account for behavior that is simply unacceptable.

Not surprisingly, some of us avoid subjecting ourselves to such processes entirely exclusively. It is hardly happy to state that, by the millions, we pass year after year with estates who make no serious decisions upon us at all, leaving us satisfied, perhaps, and frustrated, but at least alone.

"WELL," I asked my college girlfriend, a very, very young woman, "what did you think of it?"

We were sitting in a '68 Pontiac Triump

La Mesa convertible, having just seen a film called Alice's Restaurant. But I was not yet ready to start the engine.

"It was good."

IN ALL, think the same played itself out only a couple of times, four or five at the most. Yet it is nearly as up the particular aspect of my parents' relationship, that it will be forever fixed in memory, a set piece of the psyche.

There we were, my brothers and I, sitting at the dining table early on a Saturday morning, when all at once from upstairs came my mother's voice, assistant at first, then angry (then furious). Only my mother's voice, seemingly against my brother. My brother and I—listening, learning—smiled. At last, we heard our father "oh, you're crazy," spoke with freshly, his voice at once agitated and restrained. A door slammed, and a moment later my father joined us downstairs. "Good morning, boys."

BUT THEN, such an episode was unique to my household only with particular, into the Pillars and beyond, Americans, and most especially American men, tended to

ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL CLINE VANCE

THE DANGER, OF COURSE, IS THAT COMPLEX SO OTHER END UP INCESSANTLY REPLAYING OLD DIALOGUE, THAT THE BICKERING CAN VIRTUALLY TAKE ON THE CHARACTER OF DIVERSION.

"Good? That's it—good?"
I had found it powerful, insightful, moving, fulfilling.

"Yes," she replied, already knowing what was to come. "I liked it a lot."

"Why? Why did you like it?"
And at that, I bit into her, sensually attacking her unlit, her world mine, her right to hold an opinion at all, inevitably reaching her to heart.

Afterward, as usual, I wrote-pain articles, full of self-loathing, contempt—essence of why I had acted that way, except for the vague impression that, perhaps, just perhaps, we were not just axed to each other, after all.

IT WAS only when I was in my late twenties that it even began to dawn on me that I had a problem at all. Before then it had just seemed the natural order of things: the second woman and the unpredictable, irritable, intransigent, my mother-in-law, doubt certainly had something to do with the change. Initially, my reaction to the loss was no reaction at all, then, after a few months, I began waking up at night, sobbing.

The woman with whom I was then living did not, I suspect, quite know how to deal with this. People naturally observed that we made a good couple, and in most ways we did. We had values in common, and goals, and complementary talents of humor, even today, when I think of her mind and the depth of her feelings. Still, true to form, in short order, I was testing, going, pushing, measuring, as if she were an opponent to be conquered, but from the outset it was apparent that she shared a sense of the appropriate order of things, and that both of us were considerably less cynical than we appeared to be.

Before long we were being together, and I was finding myself constantly surprised both by the quality of her mind and the depth of her feelings. Still, true to form, in short order, I was testing, going, pushing, measuring, as if she were an opponent to be conquered, but from the outset it was apparent that she shared a sense of the appropriate order of things, and that both of us were considerably less cynical than we appeared to be.

MY OLD friend, happily married herself, recently classified me as being in the blue, good-luckers, that she had lately released the three-year-old son of a friend as an honorary initiation of Michael Jackson.

"Where did he learn that?" I asked.
"His parents let him watch MTV."
"Do they?" I don't approve of that at all.
Now, I am aware that this three-year-old father stuff can be off-putting, but I don't know... that was my gut reaction.

"Listen," continued my friend, the amusement suddenly faded. "I know you know anything about children. Did you know that people can lose their child and still feel something wrong? You fight as hard as you can."

"I don't believe that's necessarily unhealthy. It's important for children to know that people can lose their child and still feel something wrong? You fight as hard as you can."

"Sure, sure. Of course. If you do it, it's got to be all right." She paused. Then, she said, "I know, but other child and his brother happen to be part of our son's year."

"And I'm sure, just as I am, just as everything."

I was not surprised by my reaction. "All right," I said out, suddenly full of rage, "you wanted to hurt me, you found a way. Nice work." And I slammed down the phone.

It has been a couple of months since that happened, and we are once again on excellent terms. And neither of us has ever once mentioned the exchange.

ALMOST ALL of us, I think it is fair to say, feel the same ache to need to be known and appreciated for what we are and not for what we pretend to be, to be fundamentally understood.

As it happens, this is what the woman who is now my wife and I discussed the very first evening we passed together, over dinner at an Indian restaurant. I am not sure the mutual attraction had been instant or overpowering, but from the outset it was apparent that we shared a sense of the appropriate order of things, and that both of us were considerably less cynical than we appeared to be.

Before long we were being together, and I was finding myself constantly surprised both by the quality of her mind and the depth of her feelings. Still, true to form, in short order, I was testing, going, pushing, measuring, as if she were an opponent to be conquered, but from the outset it was apparent that she shared a sense of the appropriate order of things, and that both of us were considerably less cynical than we appeared to be.

"IT REALLY disturbs me," I said it to her one Sunday afternoon, after we had watched a documentary on the Marx Brothers, "that you don't think Harper's the funniest."

"And it disturbs me," she replied, "that you don't think Groucho is the funniest."

"Yeah, right. I don't even believe that you really believe Groucho is the funniest. That's just the obvious thing to say."

"The truth is, you can't even tell about any of these things because you're so self-absorbed. They're funny on an unconscious."

"That! That's the stupidest thing I ever heard. It's the statement of a person who doesn't appreciate the Marx Brothers at all!" She stopped. "Sorry, you are you trying to hurt a kid?"

"You said I'm surely investigating your alleged sense of humor."

At that, she just stared at me, her eyes reflecting less pain than white heat.

"You know something, you're a real jerk."

THE DANGER, OF COURSE, IS THAT COMPLEX SO OTHER END UP INCESSANTLY REPLAYING OLD DIALOGUE, THAT THE BICKERING CAN VIRTUALLY TAKE ON THE CHARACTER OF DIVERSION.

But it is not, in fact, so terribly difficult to avoid that gruesome syndrome—if both parties simply make a habit of understanding that every squabble, no matter how innocently trivial, has a real cause that needs to be acknowledged. Now, let's be straight here: it is rarely a pleasant business, either the squabbling or the acknowledging. In our case there have been several classic battles, the sort that involve verbal and verbal and slammed doors, and admitting to shortcomings has certainly never been easy for either of us. But, somehow, the doors are always opened and admissions made. And along the way, our love for each other and our respect have deepened immensely. The process itself, finally, is more than merely cleansing—it is a regeneration.

There is an old-compassionate intended in this. A hard struggle might observe that we simply happen to be a pair of compatible enemies. Certainly, each of us, still, bring all manner of baggage from childhood, like a long way yet to go. But I, at least, do like to think that I have finally discarded that one very cumbersome piece.

"I'M SORRY," said my wife. "I really am embarrassed."

"I am, too."

Keeping my eyes on the road I reached back and we nodded heads.

"We are the world," I began singing a moment later. "We are the residents."

A vague thought: "How many people do you think brought that record and Material Girl?"

Behind me, she checked. "A good question."

"You think if John Lennon was alive, he'd have been in that video?"

"Probably," she paused, then added slowly. "And also Yoko. I'm surprised she wasn't in it anyway."

I laughed, my heart full in bursting. "I love you."

There was a long pause. Behind me, on the highway, behind the sign for the approaching exit. "Is it 17 feet or was it 17 feet?"

DELIGHT STEIN is the author of *Letters and Other Landmarks*, published by St. Martin's Press.

DONT MISS

The year according to Esquire:

DIBBLES ACHIEVEMENT

AWARDS January: Esquire at its wit's end. A collection of the best and previously unseen events of the past year. Longtime chronicler of words and pictures.



THE SOUL OF AMERICA

June: Collector's Dream! A trip to 32 American cities and towns that exemplify our national character. The people. The places. The businesses. Celebrated and portrayed by America's finest journalists.



HOME DESIGN/ARCHITECTURE

July: An up-to-date look at the professional man's approach to his home environment. Blueprints, building details. Decorating. Solid residential class.

SUMMER READING

August: Esquire brings you the best new fiction around. Plus a look at works-in-progress. A veritable vacation reading list.



MONEY

February: Making it, spending it, saving it, investing it. Plus... our new section "Smart Money" now monthly.

SPRING FASHION

March: Not just jackets, pants, shirts and ties, but coats, sweaters, accessories, shoes. How much can you spend? How little you need to.

TROUBLE

April: Unique tips for businessmen. Where to visit throughout the world. Where to eat. The best way to get there. Where to stay. What to do after business hours. And it's time for fun.

FITNESS

May: Something for everybody. Guidelines and training tips for occasional running, boxing, soccer, bodybuilding, basketball, racquet sports. Plus, the Ultimate Fitness program.



ENL FASHION PREVIEW

September: Looks to beach you into a better lifestyle. Yes, there's a lot. But no, it's just the quality fashion sense you've come to depend on.



TRIVEL

October: A unique vacation planner. To take you to the best places, at the best time, and the best prices. Plus... our new, novel, innovative and undercurrent.

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

November: Cheers! Organize a dinner for two or cocktails for twenty. Enjoy a gourmet holiday menu of well-known personalities. Take the hassle out of hosting.

THE ESQUIRE REGISTER

December: Our annual guide to extraordinary Americans: all under the age of 40. They're quiet, unassuming, unassuming. They're the best of our times and our lives. Choose for the best writers in America.



There's more to Esquire than the cover story. Every issue brings you stimulating information about sports, finance, science and film, fashion, personal relationships, entertainment, travel, health and fitness—plus great fiction written by today's biggest literary talents. No other magazine meets your needs so fully.

Now, your Esquire today and pay only \$6.95 for a one-year subscription. That's just 50% off the regular cover price of \$10 a year. If you've missed a few of the issues we tell you about, don't worry. Next year's plans are just as exciting, and the information just as relevant to you.

Return one of the order cards in the issue today. If the card is missing, simply send your name and address to: ESQUIRE, P.O. Box 2590, Boulder, CO 80321 or call our toll free number 1-800-247-2590 (operator 3).

Esquire—365 days of Surprising, Provocative, ESQUIRE. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

The Tax Adviser Can My Trip Pay for Itself?



The tax adviser in this column comes from Eugene Skowron, partner in charge of tax and financial planning for the New York office of Peat, Marwick, Mainelli & Co.

know it going up, and if you haven't literally stolen from that person, you have at least placed yourself above the democratic rejection of privilege that was supposed to be one of the purposes of the country in the first place.

You might face these moral and legal impediments to trading an inside tip that will make you rich, if for no other reason than that most tips will probably make you poor. People who use psychiatrists can actually turn out to be crazy. Statutes can drop a business down and transfer to the business school.

But maybe you have in your possession a tip so hot that it has scored away the sturdy moral armor that coats your soul and you're willing to make a play that might not be as legally as the IRS's computer. First, try to ask yourself if the stock is something you wouldn't want owning on the long term, even if seven dollars or eight dollars falls off its price.

Second, if the tip is about a takeover, go down to the corner brokerage house and study the chart books to discern trading volume and price movements that indicate informed accumulation of the shares. While you're there, have a broker explain stock options to you. As an option, which limits your risk and enhances your rewards through leverage, is a particularly good way to play a tip.

Now, skip the first paragraph of this article and read the rest of it again. It is impossible to trust even the most reliable-seeming source. And the only reliable sources of information are precisely the ones you can't legally and morally use to profit. If it weren't for the Three B's of this world, having shops in your driveway like a terracotta-holed holy grail, the whole idea of using any stock tip would seem quite foolish—wouldn't it?

—Donald R. Katz

Businessmen brought enough to apply their financial acumen to their leisure time can easily turn a winning tip into a short vacation. The key, of course, lies in justifying the expenses as both reasonable and necessary—since claims are deductible, though, and starting within the following guidelines, you can ensure that your return will withstand even the scrutiny of an audit.

As long as the primary purpose of your business trip is business, the IRS won't tax you for playing tennis or skiing between meetings. Out-of-

town conferences and conventions related to your profession are legitimate expenses and are deductible. In some states accountants are required to continue their education; a lawyer or accountant, for example, can claim that attending a certain seminar is necessary for "professional enhancement." If you decide to tick on a weekend in the sun, the cost of getting to and from the beach location is still deductible. Before you start packing your sport bags, however, remember that client entertainment costs come out of your pocket.

If your spouse goes along, the additional tickets, lodging and meals are considered personal expenses and cannot be written off unless he or she serves what the IRS calls "a real business purpose." Even if your spouse is there just for a little B&B, you are not limited

to deducting only half the cost of a hotel room for two, claim a larger amount by deducting the full cost of a single. Do not indulge in any creature claims for your partner's presence, though; the rules specifically state that incidental services—including naps, entertaining customers, or carrying luggage—are not enough to warrant a free ride.

The same general rules apply to foreign travel as to domestic, although the IRS tends to take a closer look at business abroad. If your trip is mostly business, but you spend some time sight-seeing, you may have to divide the expenses. If you fly to London to close a deal and then agree to Scotland to get in some golf, don't expect to write off the entire week. One interesting note: until 1981 business gatherings could be held almost anywhere in the world.

Now businesspeople planning meetings in places other than North America have to establish that it is "as reasonable" to square the foreign location as one closer to home if they want tax-deductible status.

The best news in tax-deductible vacations in business meetings abroad ship. Under the so-called "Leyland Bill," a new law that went into effect in 1983, business-expense deductions were broadened to include meetings held on American-ship decks sailing between American and some Caribbean ports. If you attend a cruise-ship convention, the rules allow you to deduct up to \$2,000 of the cost. The IRS does require a certificate from the sponsoring organization, as well as a detailed statement describing your busy program of meetings on deck. But don't worry, cruising conferences are completely shoreboard—as long as the purpose is directly related to your business, the IRS doesn't care if it's by land or by sea.

—Eugene Skowron
—Associated Press
—Journal Content

Money Terms

REPOS—or repossession agreements—have been in the news ever since that self-respecting repo man might like. Typically, a repo occurs when a seller of U.S. government securities enters into a deal with a buyer to repurchase these securities at an agreed-upon higher price, usually at a stated future (but not too future) date. Why all the bad press? Well, repos provide the backbone for a prominent securities market in which dealers, financial institutions, and local governments trade more than \$50 billion daily. In part, critics blame the changing nature of repos. They're not secured because technically they're not deposited for resale savings-and-loan difficulties, and a lot of folks feel repos are just too risky to be a foundation for anything. A lot of folks in Ohio agree.

—David Mihal



ILLUSTRATION BY JIM LEE

When Shah Jehan saw the contractor's bid, did he say
"Make the pool a little smaller?"

Cutting corners is unthinkable when creating a masterpiece. This is a principle we keep in mind during the twelve long years it takes to create Johnnie Walker Black Label. It has every right to be expensive.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
WHISKY
ESTD 1768

Discover the most powerful

personal computer IBM has ever made.

The IBM Personal Computer AT.

Hold on to your hat.

The IBM Personal Computer AT (for Advanced Technology) is based on the advanced 10.5-MHz microprocessor. This remarkable computer will run many of the programs written for the IBM PC, up to three times faster. And it's able to recalculate huge spreadsheets in seconds and retrieve files in a flash. And it's ideal for IBM TopView, the new kind of software program that lets you run and "window" several other programs at once.

The IBM Personal Computer AT has got the power (and price) to suit your needs. In many ways.

Compatibility, expandability,
networking too.

With the IBM Disk Operating System, the IBM Personal Computer AT can use many programs from the fastest-growing library in the personal computer software industry.

The IBM Personal Computer AT is also available with up to 8 million bytes of user memory to run multitasking, multitasking operating systems such as XENIX[®]. Ask us for volume of information available at your fingertips. You can customize your system to store up to 20,000 pages of information at one time. And its keyboard helps you use all of this computing power more easily.

This member of the IBM PC Family is a powerful stand-alone computer that can also be both the

primary file server and a station on your network. With the IBM PC Network (which is so easy to

IBM Personal Computer AT Specifications

Base Memory 256KB (384K) 80,000 x 8-bit chips New, a 100-pin socket model	Display Unit Power capabilities Power/charging Cable configuration built with built-in power
Microprocessor 80,000 x 8-bit chips New, a 100-pin socket model	Language Basic, Pascal, FORTRAN, etc. MacroAssembler, COBOL
Secondary Memory 1.2MB and 360KB double density 20MB hard disk drive ¹ 40,000 maximum built-in memory	Printer Security attachment of up to 100 pages of disks
Keyboard Full-sized keyboard with 84 keys 80-key mouse ² Cable lock, built-in lock and lock release	Personal Memory Memory card Disk controller with battery ³
Display Screen 800 x 600 resolution 800 x 600 resolution 800 x 600 resolution	Colors/Graphics Graphics Mode Graphics Mode Graphics Mode
Operating System IBM Disk Operating System DOS 3.3, Windows 3.11, etc.	Commander IBM PC/XT/AT/PS/2 IBM PC/XT/AT/PS/2
Advanced Features for Personal Computers	

connect you can do it yourself, the IBM Personal Computer AT can share information with IBM PCs, PC/ATs and IBM Portable PCs.

Get a hands-on, hats-off
demonstration.

The IBM Personal Computer AT has the power, compatibility and expandability many PC users need, at a very appealing price.

For more information contact your authorized IBM PC dealer, IBM Product Center or IBM marketing representative. For a store near you call 1-800-447-4700. In Alaska or Hawaii call 1-800-447-4890.

IBM

IBM[®] is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corporation.
XENIX[®] is a trademark of AT&T Intellectual Property. PC/AT is a trademark of IBM System B, which is
a trademark of International Business Machines Corporation. DOS is a trademark of Microsoft Corporation.



SMART MONEY

Real Estate

Victorians by the Sea

Like a Dickens novel, the Victorian home was sprawling, capacious, and full of people. Eccentricity was the rule: quirky floor plans, fanciful ornamentation, towers and turrets

and turrets and chimneys. At the inside, the ornate Victorians were probably the last houses with the weight and density to face the ocean on equal terms. —*Reported by Elisabeth Glens*



ROCKING VINEYARD, MASSACHUSETTS



CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY



KIMBERNAPORT, MAINE

In 1983 a Palo Alto lawyer bought this house for \$128,000. He and his family spend five months here each summer. The house, built around 1900, is just across the road from the shore. On the first floor is the living room with a stone fireplace, dining room, study, bedroom, half bath, and kitchen, which has a small porch. upstairs are four bedrooms with gabled ceilings, and the master bedroom, which has a screened porch with a colonial motif. The wraparound porch and quoins have disappearing detailing on the top of the pillars. Recently the house was appraised at \$230,000.

Closest Park Street: San Bruno.

Cape May has the highest density of Victorian houses in the country. This one, built in 1875, was bought in 1984 by a computer marketing executive for \$95,000. It cost another \$400,000 in its essential repairs on the plumbing, wiring, and foundations, and to give the house an overall face-lift. The long east corner Gothic windows were the signature of the architect who designed the house. The two living rooms have fireplaces; there are stained-glass windows, oak floors, and a porch off a second-floor bedroom. The large, formal, red and red color scheme is one that was popular in Victorian homes.

Closest Street: Ocean Ave.

This house on Maine's rocky coast was bought by an insurance executive and his wife in 1984 for \$300,000. Built in 1880, it is part of the Cape Ann State Historic District. Each of the three stories has an attic room. The breakfast area has a floor-to-ceiling glass wall, and a study space sits on a balcony overlooking the kitchen. The kitchen has three ovens, two sinks, and cherry-wood cabinets. The formal living and dining rooms each have a fireplace. On the second floor are four bedrooms—one with a fireplace and one with a turret ceiling—and two baths. The third floor has two more bedrooms and a bath.

Closest Street: Atlantic Avenue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL PUGH

Finally, a VHS that stacks up to our Beta.



Toshiba is pleased to announce that our Beta VCR finally has some real competition. Introducing the Toshiba VHS.

Toshiba VHS offers the quality and features you've come to expect in our Beta, plus the convenience of the VHS format.

For example, our M-5400 VHS has four heads, just like our exceptional Beta. So you get superb playback picture quality in slow, still or search modes. The M-5400 also offers a 16-Function


wireless remote and one-touch time recording, as well as 4-event, 7-day programmability and 117-channel cable compatibility. In addition, its sleek, high-tech design makes it a pleasure to watch even when it's off.

And Toshiba offers a bigger selection of VHS and Beta models than anyone else in the business.

In fact, when it comes to VCR's, you'll find no one stacks up to Toshiba.

TOSHIBA
In Touch with Tomorrow
Toshiba America, Inc. 4700 Central Expressway, Santa Clara, CA 95051

FINALLY, LIFE INSURANCE AS INDIVIDUAL AS YOU ARE.



With Prudential offering more types of life insurance than any other insurance company, we're confident we have a policy that's designed to meet your individual needs.

For instance, if you want both high interest and high premium flexibility, we can offer you APPRECIABLE LIFE™.

Or, if you want to play a more active role in investment decisions, there is Variable Life. Where you move your cash value in, out and around five Prudential managed accounts: stock, bond, money market, an aggressively managed account and a conservatively managed account.

And if you want even more control of your life insurance, you'll appreciate the combination of investment flexibility and premium flexibility of Variable APPRECIABLE LIFE.

If you're interested in interest but want to leave all the investment decisions to us, there is LIFE BALDER™. It offers the predictability of fixed premiums. The high interest of current market rates. And the investment skill of The Prudential.

What's more, the rest of Prudential's Permanent Life insurance portfolio now offers more value than ever, with current dividend schedules based on today's high interest rates.

All these policies provide guaranteed lifetime protection. However, if you're looking for short-term protection, Prudential offers competitively priced Term Life insurance.

Of course, whichever life insurance matches your lifestyle, you know it is from The Prudential, one of the world's largest, most trusted financial institutions.

Why not let a Prudential Pruco Securities representative review your needs to help you put your finger on the one policy that is unmistakably yours.

For more complete information about Variable Life or Variable APPRECIABLE LIFE, including fees and expenses, send for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send your money.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America, 100 Broad Street, Newark, NJ 07102. APPRECIABLE LIFE and LIFE BALDER are registered trademarks of The Prudential Insurance Company of America. Variable Life, APPRECIABLE LIFE and Variable APPRECIABLE LIFE are insurance products of Prudential Insurance Company of America. Prudential Insurance Company of America, 100 Broad Street, Newark, NJ 07102. Prudential Insurance Company of America, 100 Broad Street, Newark, NJ 07102. Prudential Insurance Company of America, 100 Broad Street, Newark, NJ 07102. Prudential Insurance Company of America, 100 Broad Street, Newark, NJ 07102.

The Prudential
Life Insurance



© 1988 The Prudential Insurance Company of America, Newark, NJ

The question used to be, do you want to go straight or turn? If you were still young and wet behind the ears, turn might do for a while. It was (and still is), after all, the cheapest life insurance route to go. But today, as with everything else from cars to passbook savings, life is no longer that simple.

The problem with life insurance has always been that it is cheap at the beginning but gets progressively more expensive year by year. A \$100,000 term policy that cost the \$125 in premiums two years ago costs \$180 this year. By age 45, for example, it will pay at least \$250 a year for the same policy, and by age seventy, when the policy expires (as is typical of term), the premium will be at least \$2,500. No matter how long I keep the policy, there is no avoiding cash value or any incentive in the death benefit.

In comparison, straight, or whole, life policies have a fixed premium over the life of the policy. It is considerably higher than term when you start out, but less expensive than term in later years. Over thirty-five years, a good whole life policy may end up costing roughly double that of an equivalent term policy. But a good policy will have variable tax-sheltered buildup of cash value, plus a choice of increasingly generous dividends or death benefits. As detailed in this year's award, critics have complained that many of the traditional straight life policies (which often guarantee only 3 or 4 percent a year but recently have been paying 8 or 9 percent) were not paying dividends commensurate with current market rates. They say, term, they argue, and systematically overest the differ-

SMART MONEY

Insurance The Choice of Your Life



ence between the term and straight life premiums, you are sure to come out ahead. Well, that also depends... To safety strategists, though, and to most of the needs of increasingly sophisticated consumers, insurance companies began, back in the late 1970s, to introduce more competitive products: universal and variable life policies.

Universal life was hailed as the solution to the "hay time, overest the difference" argument. Basically, such policies allow for flexible premiums (usually after the first year or two) and death benefits. Some cash values also earn current market rates, but rates are only guaranteed for a year at a time.

The E.F. Hutton Life Insurance Company has been selling universal life since 1979. Like most universal policies, their new *Universal Contract* has flexible premiums and death benefits. The maximum here

is that a guaranteed loan rate is built into the contract, allowing you to borrow against the accumulated cash value at very attractive rates—between one-quarter of one percent and 3 percent a year net. Because you can borrow only a small percentage (the current year's declared interest rate multiplied by cash value at the most guaranteed rate), the benefits of this advance are greatest for someone who intends to pay enough in premiums to build a sizable cash value.

Variable life insurance, like universal life, has fixed premiums. The difference is that the policy holder has a choice as to how the cash value will be invested. Most companies offer several funds—a fixed income, money market, stocks and bonds—and an option to switch investments between funds several times a year.

Universal and variable life policies for about half of new sales, but the newest product is likely to make even faster gains: it's a combination of the variable and universal approaches. Both *Metropolitan* and *Equitable*, two of the industry's giants, have such hybrids filed with the SEC—which they hope to offer soon after this column is in print. *Equitable's* plan is called *Universal Premium Variable Life*, a "back-and-forth" policy—that is, a declining load that disappears after ten years. The death benefit will never be lower than the face amount of the policy you buy, and there is an option that would give you a death benefit equal to the face amount plus the total of your investment fund. The way the policy works is that you first pay a premium, which you use to keep the policy in force for one year. After that, as with any universal policy, you can pay premiums when you want, even skip a year, as long as you have enough money in the pool to pay for mortality charges. As with variable life, your cash value can be tapped before investment returns, in this instance an *optional* feature, involving a money market fund, an equity fund, an aggressive stock fund, and a balanced fund.

Of course, neither the quasi-universal universal and variable policies nor the new hybrids are for everyone. All three involve some degree of risk. If you think interest rates will hold up, universal life may be the place to go. If you like the stock market, variable life may be for you. But if you want to let the insurance company take the call and give you a guarantee, you should consider whole life. —Peter D. Lawrence

account for about half of new sales, but the newest product is likely to make even faster gains: it's a combination of the variable and universal approaches. Both *Metropolitan* and *Equitable*, two of the industry's giants, have such hybrids filed with the SEC—which they hope to offer soon after this column is in print.

Equitable's plan is called *Universal Premium Variable Life*, a "back-and-forth" policy—that is, a declining load that disappears after ten years. The death benefit will never be lower than the face amount of the policy you buy, and there is an option that would give you a death benefit equal to the face amount plus the total of your investment fund. The way the policy works is that you first pay a premium, which you use to keep the policy in force for one year. After that, as with any universal policy, you can pay premiums when you want, even skip a year, as long as you have enough money in the pool to pay for mortality charges. As with variable life, your cash value can be tapped before investment returns, in this instance an *optional* feature, involving a money market fund, an equity fund, an aggressive stock fund, and a balanced fund.

Of course, neither the quasi-universal universal and variable policies nor the new hybrids are for everyone. All three involve some degree of risk. If you think interest rates will hold up, universal life may be the place to go. If you like the stock market, variable life may be for you. But if you want to let the insurance company take the call and give you a guarantee, you should consider whole life. —Peter D. Lawrence

more than three hundred dollars, from a peak of \$475 in 1980—has taken most on the latter off the gilt-edged asset. But for those still determined to have a small portion of their portfolio in bearable pools, collecting raw coins can prove both profitable and pleasurable. Sophisticated investors and connoisseurs have long coveted the coin of the realm as a way to cash in on the noblest metals, and impressive gains are possible. *Stack's Rare Coins* in New York City has been tracking a portfolio of classic American

coins for the investment firm *Solomon Brothers*, and over the past few years this bullwhisker collection has appreciated an average of more than 20 percent a year. "Anyone can start a small coin portfolio with a few thousand dollars," according to senior advisor Steven "Sam" and Lisa. "The key is to buy the right coins. Collections can often do better than stocks and bonds." But coins are a long-term investment, and notices collected primarily in profits should work with a reputable dealer to start a collection of top-quality coins. For a dealer in

U.S. coins, write to the American Numismatic Association (318 North Second Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903) or the Professional Numismatists Guild (P.O. Box 430, Van Nuys, California 91406).

For years, investment gurus have popped out of the same pipeline and offered up the same cautionary puffs on playing the market. For a decidedly different take on the Wall Street scene, consider a thirty-one-year-old computer system: *Investment Advisor* shows several smart ways and shows of good calls have not been heard and shoulders above the average advice peddlers. After all, *Glenn Collier's* stock recommendations—which appear in a rather unconventional connection called *Market Watch*—the eighth time gain for 1984 among the newsletters ranked by *The National Financial Digest*. Collier's home-brewed wisdom is available to subscribers for eighty-five dollars a year in a twice-monthly, eight-page publication that includes advice on everything from market timing and trading techniques to the best over-the-counter stock picks. For information, write *Market Watch* (P.O. Box 1234, Pacifica, California 94044).

For those interested in balancing the books without over-leaving the living room, home banking—the newest of the electronic financial services—is becoming an attractive option. Software manufacturers and provider banks are getting together and creating programs that enable personal-computer owners to control their accounts via the telephone—automatically paying bills, transferring funds from one account to another, and receiving up-to-date statements. Many New York banks nationwide are planning home-banking programs, and *Citibank* and *Chase* Bank in New York and Bank of America in California already have services up and running. As the competition improves, home banks are offering financial service packages to lure new customers. *Wells Fargo* will offer its personal-finance program "Ontrack" (initially via dial-up, and *MasterCard's* *Home* is providing *Electronic Arts'* software program, "Financial Cookbook," as part of its Excel package, which costs subscribers twelve dollars a month or one hundred dollars a year. Home banking is also available nationwide on *CompuServe*, a computer services network, and customers can make electronic transactions with subscriber banks anywhere in the country. For information on this program, contact your local bank or *CompuServe* (P.O. Box 20212, Columbia, Ohio 43226). —Jennifer Conner

GIVE YOUR GIN AND TONIC THE SAME ADVANTAGE YOU GIVE YOUR MARTINI.



Give it crispness. Give it clarity. Give it character. Make it—as you would make your martini—only with Beefeater Gin.

And finally, because one of America's most popular drinks would seem to deserve a first name, give it the same one you've given the martini: Beefeater®.

With a Beefeater and Tonic (as with a Beefeater Martini) the advantage will be all yours.



Supported
BEEFEATER® GIN
The Crown Jewel of England™

New! The Esquire Fiction Reader Volume 1: 1985

Edited by Kurt Hillis and Tom Jenks

From the pages of *Esquire*, new fiction from seventeen of America's best writers: Max Apple, E.L. Doctorow, Richard Ford, William S. Burroughs, Francisco Goldman, Ron Hansen, Ken Kesey, Joyce Carol Oates, Jayne Anne Phillips, Tom Robbins, James Salter, Bob Schoenfeld, Robert Stone, John Updike, Joy Williams, Tobias Wolff, and Richard Yates.

Send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 shipping to Wampeter Press, Box 512, Grove Harbor, MA 02041

Send me ___ copies of The Esquire Fiction Reader

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ ST _____ Zip _____
Amount enclosed \$ _____ Charge my Visa/MC/DC _____
Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____

Financial HOTLINE

Investors who think gold will cause them to lose the price of their life this year—but aren't too sure when—should consider an old-fashioned alternative: coins. Typically people buy bullion as a hedge against inflation, but the sagging gold market—the price of one Troy ounce is hanging along at a little

more than three hundred dollars, from a peak of \$475 in 1980—has taken most on the latter off the gilt-edged asset. But for those still determined to have a small portion of their portfolio in bearable pools, collecting raw coins can prove both profitable and pleasurable. Sophisticated investors and connoisseurs have long coveted the coin of the realm as a way to cash in on the noblest metals, and impressive gains are possible. *Stack's Rare Coins* in New York City has been tracking a portfolio of classic American

coins for the investment firm *Solomon Brothers*, and over the past few years this bullwhisker collection has appreciated an average of more than 20 percent a year. "Anyone can start a small coin portfolio with a few thousand dollars," according to senior advisor Steven "Sam" and Lisa. "The key is to buy the right coins. Collections can often do better than stocks and bonds." But coins are a long-term investment, and notices collected primarily in profits should work with a reputable dealer to start a collection of top-quality coins. For a dealer in

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston.
America's
Best.

Excellence
The best live up to it.

Winston
LIGHTS

John Updike
reads in
Pittsburgh.
The *Picture*
of Dorian Gray
is the most
recent novel.

Esquire
SUMMER READING

The Importance of Fiction

by John Updike

Well, when the importance of something has
to be proclaimed, it can't be all that important.

And certainly most of the people in the United States get
along without reading fiction, and more and more of the
magazines get along without printing it. Even *Esquire*,
which used to run short stories as automatically as
he once smoked softened cigarettes, has to wrap itself
up and there still on to give us an issue like this one.

The old throwbacks still producing fiction should be
grateful, and we are. It's hard to believe that this fragile
business ever had any trouble, but it did. In Galsworthy's
Cromwell, Dickens and Balzac worked out on the high
rings and the literary sisters clacked lips in answer on the
balance beam and Harriet Beecher Stowe bench-pressed
more Jellies than Herman Melville, while Flaubert and
Mark Twain were put a double bar on the parallel bars
and the housewife in the blanchers went wild. Even in
the days of carwerk radio, fiction got her out of her
way's chest and got to Fitzgerald's glass and that far-off
story look in Flaubert's eye; those days when the radio
wouldn't mangle. But after Hitler's coronation was noted to
the barn-door and the boys came back to make babies and
put on gray flannel suits, something went out of fiction.
Those good folks who sat around at the kitchen table the



Illustration by Skip Egan



Good heavens, Monsieur Dupont!
We didn't mean to win!
Honest!
Monsieur Dupont?



We didn't mean to startle you. Perhaps we owe you some explanation.

The fact of the matter is, Monsieur Dupont, we entered our wines in international competition only to make a point.

The point is that Gallo wines today are comparable or superior to those of other vintners, regardless of the price.

And, considering all we've done to accomplish this, we were sure you wouldn't blame us.

We acquired the finest wine grapes that could be found anywhere in the world.

We replanted hundreds of acres of California's finest wine-growing regions with these costly and classic

European grape varieties.

We imported oak from France and Yugoslavia, to make one of the world's finest aging cellars.

And we introduced a line of new varietal wines that has pleased the harshest of critics.

And, of course at the same time we've kept in mind the fact that most people can't—or shouldn't—spend ten or twenty dollars just for a bottle of fine wine.

In short, Monsieur Dupont, we've done everything we could possibly do to make sure Gallo wines today are the best that wine can be.

By the way, Monsieur Dupont, we're pleased to announce that just last year alone, Gallo won 141 more awards in domestic and international competition. Why, that's more than any other winery!

What do you think of that,
Monsieur Dupont?

Monsieur Dupont?

Today's Gallo.



WHAT YOU GET IN EVERY 1985 ALFA ROMEO.



Alfa Romeo GTV6
Winner of World Motor Racing
Championship 1982



Alfa Romeo GTV6, Winner
World Driving
Championship 1983



Alfa Romeo GTV6
Winner World Championship Sport, 1984



Alfa Romeo GTV6
Winner European Touring
Championship
1985, 1986, 1987

If you find your heart racing after a few minutes behind the wheel of an Alfa Romeo GTV-6, it's not because you're an extremely excitable person. It's because the Alfa Romeo GTV-6 is an extremely exciting machine.

You see, the engineers of Alfa Romeo have always had a single purpose: to build racing cars that win. And they have succeeded as no other carmaker has. Over the last 75 years, Alfa Romeo has secured more racing victories than any other European carmaker. In fact, Alfa Romeo collected 607 first place finishes last year alone.

But you don't have to be a race driver to experience the technology and performance features that have produced such an impressive track record. They're built into every Alfa Romeo we sell. (The very same GTV-6 that's available from your local Alfa dealer has won the European Touring Championship for the last three years, finishing ahead of Jaguar XJS V12s and BMW 633cs.)

And there's something else you get in every 1985 Alfa Romeo. Workmanship of such superior quality it's backed by a 3 year/36,000 mile warranty.*

The Alfa Romeo GTV-6 starts at \$16,500**. Why not test drive one soon. And let your heart race a little.



ENGINEERED WITH A PASSION.

In the vast Studio Three building, on his way to the bookstore, George made his way down the wide main hall, passing the yellow-cane-walled corridors, the sound of guitar strumming, voices, muffled little satellite phones, indistinct speeches, tape or electric radioheads, the colors, the TV images, the boxes of video recording machines. He glanced through the doors into the bowling alleys, and stopped. Only one lane was in use. George pushed through the door and stood quite still. Joshua Barnes was bowling, and his daughter Amy was keeping score, hunched over the board like some child clerk from Dickens.

On the left-hand side of the lane area two standing spectators had been placed about ten feet apart, one near the left-hand pinfall, and one back near the scoring table. A thin piece of string ran between them—stretching the left-hand edge of the alley. Joshua bowed in the traditional manner, except that when his backswing was complete, and his left arm came out in balance, the tips of his fingers made contact with the string. As he bowed forward his head did along the string with astonishing delicacy, allowing him to orient himself correctly and bowl straight. He threw hard, and measured anxiously at the foot line, bent over, his ear cocked for the sound of the ball hitting along the alley. As the pins crashed, he straightened up.

"The four and the seven," Amy called out, naming the pins still standing.

As the ball returned, Joshua moved to the right, picked it up as it emerged from the gutter, moved it to the right side of his chin, and walked back to throw again. His movements were crisp, almost solitary.

He threw again, intoned with intense concentration, and made a quiet, impatient gesture with his shoulders as the ball thumped into the gutter. He came back.

"To the right?" he asked.

"By two inches," Amy answered, her mouth moving in her fist, her head down.

Joshua moved to the left for the ball. George looked up slowly. He wanted to go out before Amy became aware of him. He did not want Josh to know he had watched. For a moment Joshua's head turned, as if he had heard something. George slipped out.

Josh did not come to the two first clerks. Josh did not come to his office. He found himself receiving with a mixture of anger and sadness, and it was the very consistency of this mood that kept him from picking up the phone to call her and find out what was going on. If she didn't come, she didn't come. She had done for more work than anyone else, and perhaps she had no more to learn from him.

He concentrated on the other students and tried not to think of her. But he found himself hoping he would bump into her in the hall or the bar.

"It's only by a second," George said in the parking lot. "I left a couple of books in my office, and I have to turn in the key."

He checked his office, pulled out the drawers, a third drawer, making sure nothing was left on the shelves. When he gave the key to the director's secretary for return, he saw a man in a suit. "Is he around?"

"I don't know."

One of the captain's looked up from her desk. "She was here right after lunch, picking up those flyers for her meeting."

"Yes. She had thank cards and Scotch tape. I let her take the Scotch tape, putting them up."

He walked quickly through the halls of each floor, and worked his way down to ground level. He was about to go up when he saw her at the stair door on the left side entrance, taping up a memorandum.

"Hey," he said. "I was looking for you."

She turned toward him, smiling at him quickly, then looking on him to catch up another matter. "Hi. I guess you're still here."

"Today this man, in fact. The car is outside."

"Oh. She stopped." "Well, you're lucky. Where are you going?"

"I was looking for you."

"She turned toward him, smiling at him quickly, then looking on him to catch up another matter. "Hi. I guess you're still here."

"Today this man, in fact. The car is outside."

"Oh. She stopped." "Well, you're lucky. Where are you going?"

"I was looking for you."

"She turned toward him, smiling at him quickly, then looking on him to catch up another matter. "Hi. I guess you're still here."

"Today this man, in fact. The car is outside."

"Oh. She stopped." "Well, you're lucky. Where are you going?"

"I was looking for you."

"She turned toward him, smiling at him quickly, then looking on him to catch up another matter. "Hi. I guess you're still here."

And so any of discovering that the Kanku-bone-dancers of West Island were the only females anywhere: no earth still capable of reproduction. How could he have known that some are contagious: available to the naked eye, was eating up all the eggs in human women, starting at the second Stock Pile in Portland, Germany? Wasn't at the bar were experiencing a slight fever that came and went in a day or two, and sometimes every season. After that, they couldn't have taken anymore. Nor would any say he discovered for stopping this disease. It would spread everywhere except to the Galapagos, where Captain von Nibel was massacred with the ten Kanku-bone Indian girls.

And now, one million years later, these mothers still know what they were at his time. And there are no other continents that I know of now whose parents have suggested that they might become as dangerous as human beings once were, if only they would evolve a life but none—except, perhaps, for the scope. The time, after all, because they have might complicated virus to control, the most hostile developed forms of all the overpopulation.

As for human beings making a comeback, starting to use tools and build houses and play musical instruments and so on, they would have to do it with their teeth this time. Their arms have become fingers at which the hand bones are almost entirely unopposed and immobilized—except for the thumbs, which are the fingers. These parts of their limbs that used to control those hands, moreover, simply don't exist anymore, and human skulls are now much more streamlined on that account. The more streamlined the skull, the more successful the fishermen.

If people concern us first and last as far as this time, what is to prevent their returning all the way back to the continent, whenever their decisions come? Answer: nothing.

People have said it or will try it during periods of fish shortages or overpopulation. But the fishermen that catch basket eggs is always there to greet them.

No such for extinction. There isn't, it is no powerful force, why would anybody want to live on the mainland? Back in 1960 the Galapagos Islands were still ugly bumps and dunes and cones and spurs of lava, trouble and disaster, whose cracks and gaps and bowls and ridges bristled out not with rich tropical or desert water but with saltwater, doing no good job. They hadn't even acquired coral yet, and so were without lava lagoons and white beaches, attractions many human beings used to depend as look-alikes of no island at all.

A million years later, every island has become an ideal place to raise children, with warm coconut palms and bread white beaches—and lapped white lagoons.

And all the people are no dangerous and relaxed once, all because evolution took their heads away. And with the heads of course, went the big brains that had caused them so much trouble. ☐

How you live may save your life.

You may find it surprising that up to 60% of all cancers can be prevented. By avoiding excessive exposure to sunlight, by not smoking cigarettes, by not overeating and by following a diet high in fiber and low in fat.

The battle isn't over but we are winning.

Please support the American Cancer Society.



100% COTTON
BOMBAY shirt \$18
\$2 for \$35 each
\$5 for \$45 each

Bombay shirts are a soft, airy blend, and there's not a top stitching and flat-shouldered button-down lightweight shirt. Especially in the midline line up, you'll find the most elegant, the most comfortable, the most stylish.

40% OFF (on all shirts, sweaters, and slacks) at all Banana Republic stores.

Don't miss this opportunity!

BANANA REPUBLIC
FRAUCES AND SHAW
ALL
BOMBAY SHIRTS ARE 40% OFF

MEMBERS: 10% OFF. 20% OFF. 30% OFF. 40% OFF. 50% OFF. 60% OFF. 70% OFF. 80% OFF. 90% OFF. 100% OFF.

MOVING?

Don't Leave Esquire Behind!

If you are planning to move, please fill in the coupon below and mail to Esquire Subscriber Service, P.O. Box 2751, Berkeley, California 94702.

APPROXIMATE LABEL HERE

To change address or renew your subscription, affix your magazine label in the space and print NEW address below.

Important Reminder: We make our mailing list of subscription organizations. If you prefer not to receive promotional mailings, please check here: ☐

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

THE BIG SWING IN GOLF IS TO ESPN.



©1989 ESPN Inc. All rights reserved. ESPN and the ESPN logo are trademarks of ESPN Inc. *Golfers only 18 and over.

This year, ESPN will have the most golf on TV. That includes coverage of more than 20 tournaments, more than 50 days of live action from the PGA tour, the Senior PGA tour, the LPGA, and the USGA. It's live golf 12 months of the year. That includes all the big swingers: Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Tom Watson,

Nancy Lopez, JoAnne Carner, Jan Stephenson. ESPN takes you all over the world to the U.S. Open, British Open, the Nabisco/Dinah Shore Invitational, the Greater Greensboro Open... And every week so you know everything going on in golf, we have "Inside the PGA Tour," Wednesdays at 7:30 PM.*

In '85, if you're not out on the course, you've got to be watching ESPN. It's where the big swing is to golf.

ESPN: Where the cheering never stops.

ESPN
THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK



ABSOLUT ELEGANCE.

SUMMER READING

Peter Matthiessen



On the River Styx

O

As the pale
faint the lone trace of man with fishing stake
marking some lost channel that is storm or
shift of current had filled in. On the end of the
stake perched a ragged cormorant, its dry-
wing wings held wide in a black cross against
the wind. The avian bird, the rearing
swagwallow, the hidden undertone of his rising
glowing path from the white mist that
of ages of dead creatures departed
Dunlop's name of address, of point-to-point.
Earlier that day they had seen a silver stream
all in the west, where the Ten Thousand
kissed opened out onto the Gulf, and the win-
dow of light, for a little while, had disappeared a
single-dread that had been gathering for days.
The mist reached were too shallow for the

onboard, and the stiff moved so quickly
across the flat that fishing could hear the
musical beat of water as the hull. Fading
across, he tried to behind the black man
standing on the ground, who always worked
as if he were sinking up on something, even
in the open water, sinking down him, catch-
ing his breath, as if someone must have a
thug soldier. On his hand pole, leaning out
over the stars, as far away from the white
people as possible, the bump figure—the
dread had shivered by the stern bar, the
tanned shoulder of his faded shirt, the un-
sustainable color—rising in arcs on the hot
white sky. The water, browned by sun-
drown tannin, turned gray when the sun
clouded over, and the dark rich spread

away, parted, registered, always sur-
rounding. With their silent boatman, his wife
had said, it was like treading the River Styx.

Behind him, Alice sat ungracefully in the
bow, her flapping Ann smile still pretty and
fresh after forty-three years. The end owner
of lipstick on her front teeth, the fiery man
hat, the white sun jacket on her nose, the
swagwallow employees of the top player
climbed too lightly in her hand—her econ-
trary aspect intensified his instinct that they
had no glass here. She knew what she looked
like and performed a whimsical fishing mo-
ment when he asked how she was doing, bea-
tifying her soul, crying feebly, "Fisher
Woman!" If only for her sake—since she was
no fisherman—they should have gone deep-
sea fishing out of Port Lanchow, or home
fishing out of Iditarod in the Neys, where
there were friendly people to drink with,
drink with, where she might have spent a day
around the pool. In that wild region the white-
skins held their away, even this creek, who
was too much in the sun proportion to bring

PETER MATTHIESSEN is the author of sixteen books—some of them below including the first
edition of *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* (1972), which won the National Book Award in 1973. He has a home in Long Island, but he
lives his life in the literary community, spending time with the commercial fiction of
Long Island's South Fork (his next book, *Man's Love*, is about deer heads and fishermen) or
occasionally in a dark memory. This is the first fiction in two years, and Matthiessen has
declined it in *Seven Days*, who, before his death in May 1982, helped to write his next book, *Seven Days*.

Engineering expertise never comes easy. It's acquired over time through dedication, and it's Mitsubishi's unshakable benchmark for quality.

We apply that expertise to every product we develop. We apply our signature only when a product satisfies the strictest design and performance criteria.

Through advanced manufacturing techniques and rigid testing, every car audio product we produce stands for unsurpassed quality, reliability and performance. The Diamond Collection™ is a car audio triumph. It's a select group of products that offer the optimum in critical car audio listening.

It's no accident that unsurpassed manufacturing expertise and sophisticated engineering prowess have been combined. It's a matter of breeding and that's a matter of Mitsubishi.



**PERFORMANCE
IS A MATTER
OF BREEDING.**

**ENGINEERING
IS A MATTER
OF MITSUBISHI.**



Mitsubishi Electric Sales America, Inc., 799 N. Broadway Circle, Mt. Pleasant, IL 60056.
© 1985 Mitsubishi Electric Sales America, Inc.



THE ESQUIRE DIARY 1986



THE PREMIERE EDITION OF AN ANNUAL COMMEMORATIVE

Nostalgia, humor and a big clear layout make this THE executive diary for 1986. The elegantly-bound traditional cover will look handsome on any desk. And the cartoons and illustrations from the Esquire magazines of 1936 will brighten anyone's week.

The diary's spacious and functional 55-week calendar will help you plan ahead, well into 1987. And its collection of 125 color and 9 black-and-white pictures from the issues of 1936 will take you back to a time when cars cost \$600 and "savings" was all the rage. In addition to reproductions of vintage cartoons, ads and illustrations, the diary includes a fascinating facts about events of 1936: from Roosevelt's landslide victory (only Maine and Vermont returned a majority for Alf Landon) to the early flights of the Hindenburg.

With its handsome padded cover and attractive presentation sleeve, the diary is a gift you'll be proud to give—and grateful to receive.

Send to: **Esquire**
PO Box 448, Boston, MA 02111

☐ Please send me _____ copies of the Esquire Diary 1986 in the \$6.95.

☐ Check enclosed

Please add \$2.50 per order for postage and handling.

☐ Give me my credit card. ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Account No. _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____
(Please print name and address on separate sheet)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NO PAID and NO POSTAGE AND NO ORDERING NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

To Order By Phone: Toll Free, 1-800-365-4433
(In MA add 1-800-365-4433)

SIZE: 8 1/2" x 5 1/2"

Full Retail Price: \$24.95



Our sentiments exactly



With sales centers you can find in 11 of the 50 states, you can rely on GTE SPRINT to find the answer to your problem.

your company's calling patterns to get the best rates. All the adjustments are made for you automatically. So you won't pay

for more than you really use, even during telephone "rush hours." And our new lower rates make Advanced WATS a better bargain than ever.

Call GTE Sprint. Tell us about your needs. And we'll give you some concrete examples of how we can fill them.

GTE SPRINT

We hear you loud and clear.

Atlanta, GA (770) 440-0000
Boston, MA (617) 838-7770
Chicago, IL (312) 266-2600
Dallas, TX (214) 747-0000
Denver, CO (303) 733-0000
Detroit, MI (313) 867-4000
Houston, TX (713) 777-7000
Los Angeles, CA (213) 145-0000
Miami, FL (305) 462-0000
Minneapolis, MN (612) 337-0000
New York, NY (212) 512-0000
Philadelphia, PA (215) 145-0000
Phoenix, AZ (602) 437-0000
San Francisco, CA (415) 777-0000
Seattle, WA (206) 462-0000
Washington, DC (202) 777-0000

Circle 15 on Reader Service Card

porch, she clattered at him. "Oh, Chester!" she cried. "Let those light it out! You can't stay out of it."

In days to come he would try to make sense of what had happened, but she refused to talk about it, then or ever, and the one time he asked if it to others, she had found an excuse to leave the room.

Shaking her off, he crossed the dirty back porch to the sand to the rear door of the car. When nobody answered his soft knock, he sat on the porch steps, trying to clear his head. To the west, the night pains on the old street were black against the glowing night sky.

Whiskey heard the judge's voice. He trailed it into a back room, where Whiskey was drinking coffee with the man on the white Sunday shirt. The judge waved his guest to an empty chair, shouting at Decker to hurry if so with some coffee for Lawyer Bishop, then turned to her word sweet chair and looked back, grinning.

"This here's my lawyer. The one you got stuck off of."

Heard you was interested in sharpshooters, mister? The man's voice was quiet. "Take you out right final" in the Gulf, you see down interested. Take your wife too."

Bishop said, "No have to leave tomorrow." Later he recalled being glanced at Whiskey, as if someone possessed from the law. The judge studied his desk, like a man who was thinking something through. Then that old voice said, "Gonna miss the judge's, then," and the man laughed.

"Biker, my brother here looks bad, now see you, Speck?"

"Make him honest, in private," Speck agreed. He returned Bishop's gaze without expectation.

"Of Speck don't come no harm, no harm at all." Limping, Judge Whiskey slapped Bishop's arm with the back of his hand. "See, Speck, don't imply come from harm," he said, then turned over and took a noisy swallow from his cup.

Decker's head popped out of the corner. Looking at the wall, he said, "How he want get called?"

"He'll take it interested, isn't that right, Lawyer?" Judge Jim shouted. "Decker, cheer a minute." He interrupted Bishop by his fingertips placing a light smudge on Decker's nose. Decker was staring steadily at the present entrance of the doorway while the woman in the price calendar over Whiskey's head, and not once that Speck sat so slowly still as a hard day. "Yes, mister," he said Decker while his hand was on the chair's side, and the window, and Whiskey's eye followed.

"Lawyer Bishop don't care none for no 'Yes, mister', Speck. Don't know about down from a bridge, but now here, we're interested good. We say, 'Yes, mister'."

Judge Whiskey sighed and squinted up at Bishop.

"What back I told you was pretty good on this, right? So what I done, I got Decker in here, and I told him to look much more like he done it, but I didn't find out it was just the hard time for him, and that's the real story. Ain't that right, Decker?" The judge looked

his head back, speaking to Decker over his shoulder. "Remember, he let Decker go, and the clerk man find that more." The judge's mouth, "about another." He gave that that sort back to him in a minute, and he's gonna ask if Speck had any just what he there with it, or the small thing in back hand, let's see offering.

"Mr. Whiskey, we're not passing any charges."

"Yes, that's all right. We'll pass 'em by ourselves."

When Whiskey put his hands behind his head, still chuckling, Bishop struggled to control his temper. "Look," he said, "you have no authority. I can't go to leave here without talking to the sheriff."

It sudden anger, Judge Jim shouted, banging his chair down hard.

"See you, dear? That's just what you're going to do!" He tilted his arm across his chest, nodding his head. He was angry.

"See's, you settle up, of course."

Bishop was still staring at him, and he said confidently, "You told us you were leaving, so I give up your case."

"No, the last day, mister!"

"Venerable, in the last five minutes," Whiskey was trying not to laugh. "I give that room up to the Speck here. Speck been needed a room in the back way, ain't that right, Speck?"

"I'll be in a minute," the man behind the door, coming with his coffee, looked up to the kitchen. He second astonished by the anger in Bishop's face.

"Goodness, it, you got that tape given?" He shook Decker's arm, dropping the coffee. Decker just stared at him.

She'd been high, eyes glaring, Decker looked pulled up with that like a huge bird.

"Judge Jim? That's a man who go control Bishop. He could do more than 'You crazy man'."

Bishop went outside and sat down heavily on the stoop. These would be an history, he knew now, whatever happened. Decker came slowly to the screen door. "Get out that damned thing, that's all. If I say I found it?" Once again the man was looking his double through the screen door, but the hearing, Bishop could hear the rusty door knock turning, forth and back and forth again.

"Bishop, wait me," Bishop said. Still the man stood there. Then he walked through the door and down the steps and around the building, his head bent, and his hand on his chest, as if he were in pain.

Bishop walked up the street a little way, trying to make himself. The pain in his chest, and the water of the creek was silver in heavy oil.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

After some musing, he turned his back to her in sign that she must not interfere and returned to the kitchen door, where a paper bag was waiting for him.

Putting his hand into his pocket, he said to Decker, "How much do I owe you? For good?"

"You've got to see Judge Jim first," he said.

He took a deep breath and knocked "Judge Jim?" It entered the back room. "I'm sorry for all the trouble," he began, holding out the small thing in back hand, let's see offering.

"Oh, Goodness!" Whiskey said, half rising from his chair, where sat coffee from his chair with the back of his hand. "What an hell a game, an around that place!"

When Bishop produced his traveler's checks and began to sign them, Whiskey sat back slowly both hands for down on his desk, trying to control himself. "You ain't so smart as you think you are," he continued finally, counting the checks. "This business ain't finished by a long shot."

He moved his head. "What you want on, Lawyer?" You people get the hell out of my town."

During the kitchen, Bishop said thanks to Decker, he offered his hand, and the black man smiled it. In his mind, he said, "You know, an attack with the same."

No, Bishop thought, too much with it, too in front of their cities. Here was sitting in the car, he wondered if he could just throw back the way they was. He suddenly started to move, the seat where Whiskey was voice barked, "You, damn it, Decker, get on to home!"

"Keep moving," Speck called quietly, when Bishop turned. O

Buy Your Car Direct From Europe Save up to \$20,000

Latest European Factory Prices:

BMW 5 Series	\$19,995
BMW 7 Series	\$24,995
BMW 8 Series	\$29,995
BMW 9 Series	\$34,995
BMW 10 Series	\$39,995
BMW 11 Series	\$44,995
BMW 12 Series	\$49,995
BMW 13 Series	\$54,995
BMW 14 Series	\$59,995
BMW 15 Series	\$64,995
BMW 16 Series	\$69,995
BMW 17 Series	\$74,995
BMW 18 Series	\$79,995
BMW 19 Series	\$84,995
BMW 20 Series	\$89,995

Low mileage quality used, antique

BMW 21 Series	\$94,995
BMW 22 Series	\$99,995
BMW 23 Series	\$104,995
BMW 24 Series	\$109,995
BMW 25 Series	\$114,995
BMW 26 Series	\$119,995
BMW 27 Series	\$124,995
BMW 28 Series	\$129,995
BMW 29 Series	\$134,995
BMW 30 Series	\$139,995
BMW 31 Series	\$144,995
BMW 32 Series	\$149,995
BMW 33 Series	\$154,995
BMW 34 Series	\$159,995
BMW 35 Series	\$164,995
BMW 36 Series	\$169,995
BMW 37 Series	\$174,995
BMW 38 Series	\$179,995
BMW 39 Series	\$184,995
BMW 40 Series	\$189,995
BMW 41 Series	\$194,995
BMW 42 Series	\$199,995
BMW 43 Series	\$204,995
BMW 44 Series	\$209,995
BMW 45 Series	\$214,995
BMW 46 Series	\$219,995
BMW 47 Series	\$224,995
BMW 48 Series	\$229,995
BMW 49 Series	\$234,995
BMW 50 Series	\$239,995
BMW 51 Series	\$244,995
BMW 52 Series	\$249,995
BMW 53 Series	\$254,995
BMW 54 Series	\$259,995
BMW 55 Series	\$264,995
BMW 56 Series	\$269,995
BMW 57 Series	\$274,995
BMW 58 Series	\$279,995
BMW 59 Series	\$284,995
BMW 60 Series	\$289,995
BMW 61 Series	\$294,995
BMW 62 Series	\$299,995
BMW 63 Series	\$304,995
BMW 64 Series	\$309,995
BMW 65 Series	\$314,995
BMW 66 Series	\$319,995
BMW 67 Series	\$324,995
BMW 68 Series	\$329,995
BMW 69 Series	\$334,995
BMW 70 Series	\$339,995
BMW 71 Series	\$344,995
BMW 72 Series	\$349,995
BMW 73 Series	\$354,995
BMW 74 Series	\$359,995
BMW 75 Series	\$364,995
BMW 76 Series	\$369,995
BMW 77 Series	\$374,995
BMW 78 Series	\$379,995
BMW 79 Series	\$384,995
BMW 80 Series	\$389,995
BMW 81 Series	\$394,995
BMW 82 Series	\$399,995
BMW 83 Series	\$404,995
BMW 84 Series	\$409,995
BMW 85 Series	\$414,995
BMW 86 Series	\$419,995
BMW 87 Series	\$424,995
BMW 88 Series	\$429,995
BMW 89 Series	\$434,995
BMW 90 Series	\$439,995
BMW 91 Series	\$444,995
BMW 92 Series	\$449,995
BMW 93 Series	\$454,995
BMW 94 Series	\$459,995
BMW 95 Series	\$464,995
BMW 96 Series	\$469,995
BMW 97 Series	\$474,995
BMW 98 Series	\$479,995
BMW 99 Series	\$484,995
BMW 100 Series	\$489,995

Low mileage quality used, antique

BMW 101 Series	\$494,995
BMW 102 Series	\$499,995
BMW 103 Series	\$504,995
BMW 104 Series	\$509,995
BMW 105 Series	\$514,995
BMW 106 Series	\$519,995
BMW 107 Series	\$524,995
BMW 108 Series	\$529,995
BMW 109 Series	\$534,995
BMW 110 Series	\$539,995
BMW 111 Series	\$544,995
BMW 112 Series	\$549,995
BMW 113 Series	\$554,995
BMW 114 Series	\$559,995
BMW 115 Series	\$564,995
BMW 116 Series	\$569,995
BMW 117 Series	\$574,995
BMW 118 Series	\$579,995
BMW 119 Series	\$584,995
BMW 120 Series	\$589,995
BMW 121 Series	\$594,995
BMW 122 Series	\$599,995
BMW 123 Series	\$604,995
BMW 124 Series	\$609,995
BMW 125 Series	\$614,995
BMW 126 Series	\$619,995
BMW 127 Series	\$624,995
BMW 128 Series	\$629,995
BMW 129 Series	\$634,995
BMW 130 Series	\$639,995
BMW 131 Series	\$644,995
BMW 132 Series	\$649,995
BMW 133 Series	\$654,995
BMW 134 Series	\$659,995
BMW 135 Series	\$664,995
BMW 136 Series	\$669,995
BMW 137 Series	\$674,995
BMW 138 Series	\$679,995
BMW 139 Series	\$684,995
BMW 140 Series	\$689,995
BMW 141 Series	\$694,995
BMW 142 Series	\$699,995
BMW 143 Series	\$704,995
BMW 144 Series	\$709,995
BMW 145 Series	\$714,995
BMW 146 Series	\$719,995
BMW 147 Series	\$724,995
BMW 148 Series	\$729,995
BMW 149 Series	\$734,995
BMW 150 Series	\$739,995

Low mileage quality used, antique

BMW 151 Series	\$744,995
BMW 152 Series	\$749,995
BMW 153 Series	\$754,995
BMW 154 Series	\$759,995
BMW 155 Series	\$764,995
BMW 156 Series	\$769,995
BMW 157 Series	\$774,995
BMW 158 Series	\$779,995
BMW 159 Series	\$784,995
BMW 160 Series	\$789,995
BMW 161 Series	\$794,995
BMW 162 Series	\$799,995
BMW 163 Series	\$804,995
BMW 164 Series	\$809,995
BMW 165 Series	\$814,995
BMW 166 Series	\$819,995
BMW 167 Series	\$824,995
BMW 168 Series	\$829,995
BMW 169 Series	\$834,995
BMW 170 Series	\$839,995
BMW 171 Series	\$844,995
BMW 172 Series	\$849,995
BMW 173 Series	\$854,995
BMW 174 Series	\$859,995
BMW 175 Series	\$864,995
BMW 176 Series	\$869,995
BMW 177 Series	\$874,995
BMW 178 Series	\$879,995
BMW 179 Series	\$884,995
BMW 180 Series	\$889,995
BMW 181 Series	\$894,995
BMW 182 Series	\$899,995
BMW 183 Series	\$904,995
BMW 184 Series	\$909,995
BMW 185 Series	\$914,995
BMW 186 Series	\$919,995
BMW 187 Series	\$924,995
BMW 188 Series	\$929,995
BMW 189 Series	\$934,995
BMW 190 Series	\$939,995
BMW 191 Series	\$944,995
BMW 192 Series	\$949,995
BMW 193 Series	\$954,995
BMW 194 Series	\$959,995
BMW 195 Series	\$964,995
BMW 196 Series	\$969,995
BMW 197 Series	\$974,995
BMW 198 Series	\$979,995
BMW 199 Series	\$984,995
BMW 200 Series	\$989,995

Debra Spark



Summer of the Dead Frogs



Summer of the Dead Frogs nothing would grow. Most the carrots I'd pull up stubby little roots, measure those against my finger and shake my head. Zucchini and tomatoes, usually our bigger crops, flowered but then rotting cans of them. The wonder had come! rain every third day, sun at between. Butterflies and bees had to be baited. My older brother Jordan would go out for a little

talk with the bees. Someone wasn't doing his job.

"You stung bees," he would say when he saw me diving into the blossoms of the rose rose tree that stood, pink, green, and brown, by our white house. "Hex this flower here—dian flower here," and he would point to the long orange blossoms or small yellow buds in the garden. They would buzz, we supposed obediently, but then make for the

honeysuckles, which had long gone out of flower.

"Jordan," I finally said in exasperation, "these bees don't care for your road map."

"Hex days are far-a-day-by good days to keep your mouth shut," Judy prevents you from getting overbearing," he responded.

I appreciated the concern for my mellowness but figured that if I followed his advice, I'd get about one half an hour to talk each day. The only cool time that I was awake was 6:00 to around 6:45. I rose early to open the barn for Bob Lord, who liked to start so on the level before the moon rose made the work oppressive.

Chris was a dairy farm, and we owned the

land as far as you could see, which, it turned out, was not so very far. When our night, and thus our land, did run out, we bordered out on another farm but a large suburban area with square houses and green lawns. Here were the homes of my friends, most of whom had abandoned town for summer resort work or jobs as camp counselors. Here, too, were people who supported my family knew rural bliss. In truth, we didn't, though we did have a white, perfect house and a bed-upholstered gear with a business tip. When Molly Duck, the Great White Cow, escaped from the yard and scurried stupidly off of our land and down Oak Street, everyone, even Stephen, Mother, and Bob Lord, was pleased. She never kept anyone or thing and when lost, how ecstatic, to have a cow belling her head softly against one's mailbox.

That summer Bob Lord left early on quiet days. By the time the dead frogs were piling

Early studies often have fatal mistakes: sentimentality, the wrong conclusion, a wrong word, conclusion, or one of the worst, depression—only a reader can usually know the path even briefly. You have never heard of Debra Spark or that last published story of hers, but reading it you're reminded that a new wave of writers is coming—many are already here—it was that will sweep away the dead who have diagnosed the scene for the past three decades. There are masters of style, craft, small but sharp, in their story but also of talent that knows at least one powerful rule, the one that observed when he said that to him could prove the human heart as much as a period is exactly the right place.

—James
Sutter

up outside our basement freezer, there was almost no work to be done. The cornfields were high, but there was no corn on them. We had scoured kernels from past years so no corn started, but then so corn failed and spread fast to be sold.

The mechanics of milking were over. Bob's promise. Once we had machines to do it, the task was left to Jordan and me. Mother made the decision to have us do the milking, but this summer she was away and we plotted rebellion.

"He is not busy. Let's get the Lord to do it." We chuckled. I loved his name and, incidentally, him. In the past, Mother sometimes had given me the chance of getting him from the field. To do it, I would climb perhaps up a tree at the southern corner of our field. Looking up at the flower branches and looking down to consider my new adult body, I'd think, You need some height, but

not reach, to call the Lord. I've no faith, but it always sounded good to hear that sound, "Lord! Lord!" my breath spending itself across the fields.

It was Jordan's suggestion that we put Bob to look up the corn; he wanted me to arrange it.

"No way, Jordan. No way," I told him. "Why not?"

"It's your idea, you do it." I had no objection to have the nerve to ask Bob what the noise and about the day's weather. The mechanics of getting off work on a basically adolescent man were simply beyond me.

"Isn't it about that time of the month anyway?"

"Maybe it is, but it's none of your business." Once a month, Bob and I did something together—a movie or dinner out, sometimes a bike. I wasn't doing the asking. It suited for Bob Jordan closed the request.



Inaugurating The Franklin Mint's
first series of precision die-cast models

The Mercedes 500 K Special Roadster



GORDON M. BUEHLING
Designer of the Mercedes
500 K Special Roadster
and now Designer of Franklin
Mint Precision Models "I
was convinced this model
could deliver more—its
detail, finish, overall quality
than what anyone else
could give you for the
same price.

THE FIRST ISSUE of an important new series is indisputably of great interest to collectors—especially when that "first" involves collector model cars. For not only is model car collecting one of the most fascinating forms of collecting, but today it has also reached new heights of popularity the world over.

Now, The Franklin Mint is pleased to announce its first series of die-cast metal collector models: the great classic sports roadsters. Created under the direction of America's foremost automotive designer, Gordon M. Buehling, it marks the first release of Franklin Mint Precision Models. And anticipating that new collectors will be as successfully devoted to creation of the world's finest Mercedes-Benz 500 K.

Most people have never seen a model car of this quality

Introduced in 1934, the 500 K Special Roadster instantly became the talk of the Continent. Both for its advanced styling and its impressive performance—both. By an extraordinary, four-type supercharger that rotated the car to speeds of more than 100 miles per hour.

And this is just the model has been created according to precise measurements and careful drawings taken from the original: an exceptionally rare example, built in 1933, and recently named "the car of the year" and "best in show" at the famed Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance.

The re-creation of this classic began as a sculptured prototype. With every curve, in-

try line, every feature painstakingly formed by a skilled modelmaker. This hand-made master was then carefully broken down—and used as the basis for tooling the now more than 100 sets of dies needed for a truly detailed scale model.

Between these die-casts, hot metal is injected in form: wheels, hood panels, frame members. The spider wheels and all framework are milled. Each part is inspected, finished. And inspected again. Individually. All by hand. And finally the model is hand assembled—from more than 100 components, carefully fitted together to complete a single car.

There's model making raised to standards of excellence never before possible—except to those willing to accept the expense of commissioning a single built example from a professional modeler for many hundreds, or even thousands of dollars. Yet, the advanced engineering techniques at Franklin Mint Precision Models make it possible to provide this uncommon level of quality at \$90—which, in turn, is possible in three monthly installments of \$30 each.

A full range of operational features

Crafted in the trademark scale of 1:34, The Mercedes 500 K Special Roadster is the perfect choice for a tabletop desk—where you can examine and display its many operating features.

The steering is quick and precise. Hood, doors and trunk are hinged for opening. There is a dashboard with full instrumentation. Doorbells covered with clear glass lens, and "start" and "stop" in the back, and engine starting that includes a "Bosch-type" "Mower" carburetor and ignition system. All framework is authentic. Doors to the hand-hinged hood open outflaring the very back fenders. Thus, from the gleaming three-point Mercedes star on the radiator to the "knock-off" hub on the spoked, (the superb model) will re-create the classic original—inside and out.

Available by direct application only

As we want, you'll be able to display your 500 K with rather the complete "look" as the car is placed. You'll also receive a fascinating history of the classic during its



Scale 1:34 Overall length 8 1/2"

complete with specifications and performance data.

If you're a car enthusiast—or a person who appreciates objects that are made with care and skill beyond the ordinary—this will be a most satisfying possession. One that friends, who share like interests, are certain to find equally satisfying.

The Mercedes 500 K Special Roadster will be created and assembled exclusively by Franklin Mint Precision Models. It is available only by direct order and will not be sold as a commodity. No population or regional limit. But, in view of earlier delivery, it is important to enter your order on the accompanying form by August 15, 1983.

ORDER FORM

Please mail by August 15, 1983.

Franklin Mint Precision Models

Private Client Participation 1983

Please enter my order for the Mercedes

500 K Special Roadster, electric display

in die-cast metal, to be sent to me fully

assembled and ready for display.

I need not see money now. I will be

held for my order in three installments

of \$30 a month beginning on the day

the car is ready for shipment.

Please my order for me

and send it to me for shipping and handling.

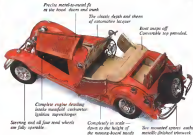
Signature _____

My _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____



Precise measurements fit
the body, doors and trunk

The chassis depth and shape
of authentic bodies

Roll-over off
convertible top provided.

Complete engine housing
includes manifold, carburetor,
ignition, supercharger

Steering and all four wheel
axles fully operable.

Completely in scale—
down to the height of
the running-board studs

Two mounted spares: authentic
metallic finished steering

Shows smaller than actual size. Length approximately 8 1/2"

Created under the direction of
America's most renowned automotive designer.
Conceived, engineered and built
to a new standard in automotive scale models.



FRANKLIN MINT PRECISION MODELS

South of Lake of Iron, steel. I marvel of technology!" said my father. I was reassured by this; still, the swarms of black figures were in a rhythmic dance, wild, scary. Abrupt. It was controlled chaos, and it was also agonizingly depressing. Now and then a pale would split apart under the weight of the wrong way, and the figures would drop the man with a thunderous crash and scatter for their lives (represented to any degree, I might add, by collective harassment). Their lives—

me, Colonel, I thought, my cousin. On summer of 1917 I wanted to tell him, must must not remember his stirring names of those all must be left and only God's order, keep the ball or name was Ludrillo, or other was, Olga Fackl! No, must a minute."

people-faced hands at a downtown Seattle to San Diego road as the nation failed to save California had to come to its senses, protest, as Thrall San said, the people destroyed his resistance had allowed the overturn, the palace of the art, occupied by smoking their Semtex twenty and I remember are captioned *you poor film in Tokyo*, "an insupportable in the cringing dance. Now you will perform out of dance." An Art One (my I jerked ahead and

announced that "The Cause of the Enemy" was a novel in these categories, a certain Major Breakdown of U.S. Army Initiatives, based with the Defense Command in power, spoke on the telephone to his wife last night, imparting the news that the Imperial Fifth Army, a legion of Jewish specialists, perfect and old people, was advancing into the Arizona desert toward Phoenix, were her parents lived. She abided, he insisted courage. Troops from Texas were the way. Combined next week.

[illegible]

never knew—she died—lived for a long time in Japan with her husband, who was a diplomat. She loved the Japanese. They're not like those—those Americans in that magazine. I mean like that in Indianapolis."

voice to my mother; her affliction had caused her to howl to her daily an almost continual undernourishment. But none—this I try to have been only his aggressive frustration—the sick engine, his family stranded in a backwoods northern, the flickering eyes before me, none unguessed anxiety. What, even, he began to recognize my mother with his bully's scorn, his manner softened me. At first she flinched as if he had hit her; then she drew back and stared at him as if he had gone

gratified in that despoiling war with Mexico, died at thirty-four. My own father, a son of Boston, had been a soldier in the Mexican war, and had been killed at Chalchicomula, the great battle and prize he took in a Spanish for the rest of his life. I grew away from the Green Mountains because of this family heart-throb, but somehow compensated for this by becoming an apprenticeship in the shipyard, building heavy cranes "He turned to his brother," says my mother, "and said that a son-year ago, brother Paul who is a distant and indolent son best if in the family, became my substitute, his mind flows into it Chinese. There is that even now, wondering when that veteran heeded at Perry Point."

Alice Walker



Kindred Spirits

Rosa could not tell her sister how scared she was or how glad she was that she had come to come with her. Instead they made small talk on the plane, and Rosa looked out of the window at the clouds.

*By ROSE FOLEY, the author of two collections of short stories—*In Love & Trouble* and *You Can't Run a Good Person Down*—and four volumes of poetry. She has also published a collection of essays, *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens: Womanist Prose*, and a biography of Langston Hughes. And she has written two novels besides the one that made her famous: *The Color Purple*, which won both the American Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize in 1982. This hard-core, left-is-homosexual-and-against-the-capitalist novel. It is widely believed to attract women who read it. As a *Washington Square* Press trade paperback, *The Color Purple* has sold over one million copies—it has won a record-setting first printing of 100,000 copies. The book's popularity is the publishing world's of the future. Walker was born on February 9, 1933, in Eatonton, Georgia. She is the daughter of a sharecropper and a housewife. She is now a professor of English at the University of Georgia. She is now a professor of English at the University of Georgia. She is now a professor of English at the University of Georgia.*

It was a kind of sentimental journey for Rosa, months too late, going to visit the aunt in whose house their grandfather had died.

She did not even know why she must do it; she had spent the earlier part of the summer at such far-flung places as Cyprus and Greece. Jamaica. She was at a place in her life where she seemed to have no place. She'd left the bourgeoisie in Park Shore, given up the car and cat. Her child was at camp. She was in pain. That, at least, she knew. She hardly slept. If she did sleep, her dreams were cold, desolate, and full of static. She was

Though she must speak primarily to women of color because of their longing to hear from her—from one mother, there is no interest and living—she does speak to me too. Probably that is because her work, which begins in anger and pain, accumulates strength and ends in silence with human gentleness. We understand that the historical journey from



pink to purple has been hard and important for all women. And that's where Alice Walker lives on right now, here in these United States, looking back into our mothers' gardens before we undertake another journey—a journey probably toward the color black, which is where I think all the colors will have to start to undo the American myth at last.

—Grace Foley

sympathetic, mostly, with things, from a recipe cut out from the Times. She listened to the jazz radio station at the time her heart ached most.

"So how is love?" her sister, Barbara, asked. Barbara was still kind of her brother-in-law, and he'd had after his divorce from Rosa he'd made back into the white world so completely that even a Christmas card was too much trouble to send people who had come to love him.

"Oh, fine," Rosa said. "Living with a nice

Jewish girl, at last." Which might have surprised the absence of a Christmas card, Rosa thought, but she knew it really didn't. "Ready? What's she like?"

"Warm. Attractive. Loves him." This was mostly gossipwork on Rosa's part, she'd met Sheila only once. She hoped she had those attributes for his sake. A week after she'd moved out of the brownstone, Sheila had moved in, and all her in-laws, especially her mother, around very happy. Once Rosa had "banned" the car. Her own, which she'd left with her, and

when she returned it, mother and girlhood met her at her own door pink, herring her way into her own house. She had been greeted with the victory of finally seeing her outside where she belonged. Maria and brother of many guests came from inside.

But did she care? No. She was fine. She took to the new work, the beauty of her burgundy-made boots clicking, her heart beating, making itself still by force. Ah, but then at night when she slept, it awoke, and the clicking of her heels was nothing to the rattling and creaking of her heart.

How to buy skates.



Don't leave home without it.

And lots more.

Use the American Express Card when you go shopping and you'll probably be treated like a big wheel. Because the Card is welcomed at thousands of stores. Whether you're going ready for a sport or just want to sport something new. Next time you go into a fine store, make sure you have the right equipment—the American Express Card. And, to apply for one, call 1-800-761-6000.

- Boys-R-US**
Throughout the U.S.
- Marshall Field**
Illinois, Texas and Wisconsin
- Abercrombie & Fitch**
Texas, California, Nevada and throughout the East Coast
- Spielgel**
Mail order—throughout the U.S.
- L.L. Bean Outdoor Sporting Specialties**
Mail order—Freeport, Maine and throughout the U.S.
- The Gap**
Throughout the U.S.
- Floresheim**
Throughout the U.S.
- Herman's World of Sporting Goods**
Northeastern and Central U.S.
- Pargson Athletic Goods**
New York
- The Athlete's Foot**
Throughout the U.S.
- Johnson & Murphy**
Throughout the U.S.
- Orvis**
Mail order—throughout the U.S.
- Dayton's**
Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota
- Emporium-Capwell**
Northern California
- Jordan Marsh**
New England and Florida

"Maria winses him," said Barbara. Rosa knew she did. How could the men begin to understand that this son-in-law she loved on an emotional, often-dreaded basis, of even calling on the phone to ask how she felt, as she suffered stroke after lightning and debilitating stroke? It must have seemed totally absurd to her. A man who had reached to comfort the sick and shut-in of her life. It seemed an odd role to Rosa, who about most other things was able to take a somewhat sane modern view. At last they were in sight of the Miami airport. Before they could be greeted by the stewardess, Barbara and Rosa managed to exchange some barbs not by the way, but because she flew very rarely and it was a real honor to "sit behind" her. Rosa no longer could so look down. She had traveled so much that summer. The trip to Capri in particular had been so long it had made her want to scream. And then, in Nicotina, the weather was miserable. One Friday, twenty degrees. It had to be terrible. And there had been days of visiting Greeks in refugee camps and listening to vocalists and reading the home of a family in which no one—standing next to a medical leader at a rally—was recognized by mistake. Right? It had happened over a year earlier but father still wept as he told of it, and looked with great regret at his surviving daughter and her small daughter. "A man would have risen," he said over and over, never seeming to realize that under conditions of war even a dozen sons could be killed. And not under war alone.

And then Rosa had down to Greece, and Athens had been like New York City in late July and the Park Avenue boy. When they arrived at the Miami airport they looked at each other with slightly amused interest. Travelers who still remembered segregated travel facilities. If a white person had accompanied them and pointed out a colored section they would have attacked him or her on principle, but have been only somewhat surprised. Their intensive years had been lived under racial restrictions so pervasive that whenever they traveled in the world they expected on some level, in themselves and in whatever physical circumstances they found themselves, to encounter some, if only symbolic, racial barrier. And there it was now on a poster across from them a stout white woman and a dark-haired male partner dressed in winter coats with a black band played and a black water watch and a black chief beamed from the kitchen. A striking woman, black as midnight, in a blue jacket, cotton dress, tall, straight of bearing, with a firm line of silver-white hair, bore down upon them. "It's me," thought Rosa. My old girl. "Aunt Lily" and Barbara, smiling and bowing her arms around her. When it was her turn to be hugged, Rosa gave herself up to it, enjoying the smell of baby shampoo, Jergens lotion, and Evening in Paris remembered from childhood restaurants, which, on second thought, she decided was all Charlie. That was the aunt, full of

changes and contradictions, as she had known her. Not that she was that really. Aunt Lily had come to the United States when Rosa was a child. She had been straight outback and as vibrant as life. She was always with her husband, whose can face seemed weak next to hers. He drove the car, but she steered it, the same secret rule of their lives. They had moved to Florida years ago, looking for a better life "somewhere else in the South that wasn't so full of southerners." Looking in her last years—with her important bearing, darkness of speech, and great height—Rosa could not imagine anyone having the nerve to condescend to her, or worse, attempt to cheat her. Once again Rosa was amazed at the white man's courage and rascal nature. The years under this sweet-smelling, slightly clean skin of hers would not have been permitted to dry on a dress in local department stores. She could not have dealt with the situation. The most beautiful of the city would have been closed to her. The public library. The vast majority of the city's hotels. Aunt Lily had an enormous brown station wagon, and Rosa and Barbara drove through these light travel bags. Barbara, older than Rosa and closer to Aunt Lily, sat beside her on the front seat. Rosa sat behind them, looking out the window at the passing scenery, observing the numerous couples who were passionately fond of water—and yet wondering about the city's swimming problem, of which she had heard. How like them, really, she thought, to build roads around their pretty segregated houses—certainly as polluted that to fall into one was to risk disease. When they arrived at Aunt Lily's apartment, green house, with its orange and red curtains in the yard, Rosa and Barbara stepped out. They were met in the narrow hall by five of her aunt's seven foster children and a young woman who had been a foster child herself but was now sharing the house and helping to look after the children with Aunt Lily. Her name was Raymonde Ann. Aunt Lily had, a long time ago, a baby son who died. For years she had not seemed to care for children. Rosa had never felt particularly related to her whenever Aunt Lily had come to visit. Aunt Lily acknowledged her brother's children by treating them as nephews and grandsons, instead as orange and lemons, but she rarely hugged or kissed them. Well, she rarely touched these foster children, either. Rosa noticed. There were so many of them, so dark and black, presently, as her uncle said, and so wonderful, that at dinner the table was piled high with food, the tablecloths were encountered to have seconds, and when they all trooped off to bed they did so in a cloud of soapy suds and dashing linen. Rosa lay in the tiny guest room, which had been her grandfather's room, and smoked a cigarette. Aunt Lily's face appeared at the door. "Now, Rosa I don't allow smoking or drinking in my house."

PROUDLY HYATT.

BUSINESS TRAVELERS AND TRAVEL EXPERTS NAME HYATT AMERICA'S BEST HOTEL CHAIN.

The more you travel, the more you see the difference between hotels. So it's no surprise that both frequent business travelers and travel experts prefer Hyatt hotels.

In the most important ways you measure a hotel, Hyatt was rated first. We were chosen as the best hotel chain overall. Ahead of all the other first-class hotel chains. Not only were our hotels selected the most elegant. Our food was rated the highest. Our staff and service were voted the most friendly and courteous.

At Hyatt, we give you all these extra touches, without adding to the cost of your stay. Don't you

WISH
YOU WERE
HERE?

CHICAGO

In *Marina Center* overlooking Michigan Avenue and Lake Michigan.

DALLAS

See about the lively downtown *Marriott* area at Hyatt.

LOS ANGELES

Rising from the heart of downtown Los Angeles at *Grandway Plaza*.

NEW YORK

Grand Hyatt on *Jacobus* at Park Avenue at Grand Central.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Walk to Capitol Hill, government agencies, art galleries and museums.

HYATT  HOTELS

For reservations, call your travel planner or 800-228-8600 or 212-611-1000.

*International Airline Pilots' Association Survey. Business Travel News, Survey.



SUMMER READING

Robert Stone



In a Mexican Garden

G

...writer Walker made his living—quite a good one—chiefly as an author, adviser, or collaborator on film scripts, jumping into the industry seventeen years before he was an actor. During the past summer he had been acting again, in a festival production of *Lean*. Over the years he had advanced at stages within the old black key tale. At different points in his life he had played Orson Welles's servant, then Cortez, then Kent, finally the King. He was still in *Lean*, a character with a character's dark and deadly nature, little moments from the past. They were not insignificant to his condition, during the rest of the show his wife had left him. One particular line from *Lean* kept coming into his mind. "He had ever but slenderly known himself," and for the first time in his adulthood, thoroughly examined Mr. Walker began to wonder if that might not be true of himself. Not possible, he decided. He knew himself well enough. It was the rest of things that gave him trouble.

Robert Stone's first two novels were made into movies, and he is currently in negotiations for his third, *A Play for Success*. In *Stone* he has written *Underneath* and his first two novels, *Children of Light*, is about those who act in films and make them. It will be published in August next year, and his third novel, *The Year of the Dragon*, is about the life of a man in Mexico. Stone has lived all over the country and abroad. He was one of *Newsweek*'s *Pioneers* and still lives in such that it's hard to think of him being anywhere in particular. He has recently returned from Egypt and will be working at Princeton for the summer semester.

A few hours north of the border, Walker made his way to a vast room whose upper walls disappeared into darkness. Four columns of light descended from an unseen source in the ceiling to form a rectangle of light beneath them like canopies on a plain. One column lit a reception station where a young Oriental woman in a nurse's whites attended a large white desk. Another lit upon a two-tiered altarlike platform arranged with desert plants, Indian ceramics, and weathered rattles. The contrast between the sun-drenched barrens outside and the deep, almost, adrenergic gloom within was very striking.

The room's combination of primitive simplicity and historicism was a bit strange. Walker thought, which was hardly surprising in the establishment of Dr. Er Sereno. There were no devices of therapy or pseudoscience in sight, nothing visible in the great room was suggestive of medicine. Yet it seemed to Walker that something in the refrigerated air was

visibly lost. This was almost certainly, he decided, exasperation.

Presently his name was called by the young women at the white desk. Dr. Walker had a story brochure and decided to turn through a dark doorway that opened at his approach. He found himself following a corridor. Beyond the doorway was a corridor of cool brown tiles.

The Mexican had been to a garden with a fountain in the center, a pleasant and restrained reproduction of an old Spanish classical garden. There were herbs of all kinds and many tall iron crosses. An entire section of the garden was given over to the collection of red and yellow poppies. The air was fragrant and pure in sound doctrine.

Taking a stone bench in the shade, Walker had a glance at the brochure the young woman had given him. It told the story of Dr. Sereno, M.D., Ph.D., who, born on the roof of the world and being dead, Muller-like, at the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, arrived in America to discover the precolonial culture and become Physician to the State. The brochure went on to describe the doctor's association of self-servicing, his carefully documented researches, his introduction by medical pioneers, and finally his withdrawal to the

COMING IN ESQUIRE



SEPTEMBER
Fall Fashion Covert brimmes guarantee you'll look like the hipster of the month—at play at sea or in leisure—and the well-written you budget!

OCTOBER
Treat Whether you love first-class travel or the simple pleasures of boat fishing, you'll find the best business and vacation values nationwide and worldwide right here

NOVEMBER
Holiday Entertainment Cheers! Organize a dinner for two or cocktails for twenty. Enjoy seasonal holiday movies of famous people. Learn how to take the hassle out of holiday



DECEMBER
The Expensive Republic Fascinating insight into America's leaders in business, politics, the arts, commerce, politics—men and women who are making it big, all under one roof. Chosen by the best writers in America

JANUARY 1988
Delicious Achievement Awards Equate it all to food fun. A collection of the best and best-selling dishes of the past year. People who made the news in 1987 and kindly wish they hadn't?

FEBRUARY
Money How to make it. Keep it. Spend it. Save it. Have fun with it. Plus the wisdom, myths and reality of it



MARCH
Spring Fashion Not just skirts, shirts, shoes and hats. But trends, accessories, ideas from Continental to contemporary conservative



APRIL
Travel For the businessman—where to eat, where to meet, throughout the world. How to get there, where to stay, and what to do with hours

MAY
Fitness Something for everybody. Workout programs. Health news. Maintenance tips. Training techniques. Perfecting your cuts and wine game



JUNE
Event Issues Esquire brought you How We Lived. SO We Made the Difference. The Soul of America. This year we will again bring you an "Esquire Event."

JULY
Summer Issues What to do this summer. The games to play. How to really make your vacation last

AUGUST
Seasonal Fixating A veritable land of vacation making for your enjoyment while lying on the beach or on your dock while relaxing in the sun or watching the sunbathers down to pass



I'd go, making fever and death, only my looks for company. In the end—not a bit of it." He shook his head and uttered a series of reflective grunts. "I had an odd experience on my way down Dublin back down to Liss doo. Doubtless you know the Irish expression 'Ara'ra'?"

"It's widely used, Doc. You hear it all the time."

"Well," the doctor continued, "there I was, years ago, and I caught all the ferry from Dun Laoghaire on the Heywood-Enochson train. Remember—Bongor, it must have been—the guard comes through First Class, shouting his head off for a doctor. Well, I thought, who's that excellent thing? Not myself? No! I went with the man, and what do I find a few cars back but a lad in an empty compartment who's wearing of Janssen's and going rapidly below our eyes. There's an empty tube of Menthol in his fist.

"Skip the train," I cried, and they did, and off I went with this chap, my very first patient, to the nearest hospital and they carried him out and he awoke to the light of day. Now I later learned, Gordon, that the fellow recovered completely. In hospital he chattered to meet a beautiful young Welsh nurse with whom he fell madly in love—at age with her—and whom he subsequently strangled. Naturally, they hanged him. I was a bit put off by it. First point, waste of life, and all that. I dreamy I'd have been used today. In any case, Doc, I want for the big bucks and the bright lights, just as you did."

"First you think it's the money," Walker said.

"Then you're not so sure."

"Well, don't be going back to the mountains for me now, Gordon. I have to stay here and do. With my customers."

"I guess," Walker said, "it'd better be nothing to get back up there before dark."

"No, get yourself straight, old fellow. Skip the anchor, eh? Who knows but you may do something remarkable one day."

"Thank you, Doc. I hope you continue to prosper."

"Gordon, as long as there's... well," he smiled broadly, and, as Gordon had remembered, some of his teeth were absent of gold. "You know what I mean, I'll be in business for a while."

As Gordon went out the doctor's house was greeted together in bewilderment. "Only remember what the boy's looking for, Gordon. We are not promised tomorrow."

On the drive back up north, Walker suddenly began to think of the days behind him as a litter of pictures. Latch on the water, his role as twenty, sixty, a day, his childhood on the water. One remembered image after another would move him gently, then abruptly the emotion stirred would seem trivial and false, like some of the scenes he had written. His pleasure of conscience, his deepest fears would appear petty, vulgar, and ridiculous. These moments afforded Walker a vision of his life as truth—a solid article, just repair. Observing things compose themselves into the black spectacle, Walker would wonder if he had not had the slightest acquaintance with any kind of truth. ☐

EASILY THE MOST MAGNIFICENT RESORT BUILT IN AMERICA IN THE PAST CENTURY AND A HALF



NOW OPEN



Spacious rooms and luxurious water. Wood-burning fireplaces and private balconies. Elegant restaurants and comfortable lounges. All, surrounded by the sea that so elegantly gave birth to The Sagamore.

Today, this magnificent pre-restored Victorian masterpiece welcomes guests with most luxury and activity that ever before. Six dining rooms with mood lights formal to casual. A sophisticated nightclub for entertainment and dancing. Your round, a variety of sports including tennis, croquet, golf, swimming, fishing, boating, skating, riding, and more. And an immaculately groomed 35-hole championship golf course, designed by Donald Ross, nestled in our mountain hillsides.

A complete spa offers exercise, saunas, plunge pools and massages. And just a half hour away in Saratoga, home of the famous race track and the renowned Performing Arts Center.

Luxurious amenities and modern convenience. The architecture, architecture and hospitality of another era. The rolling green mountains of the Adirondacks and a sparkling blue freshwater lake.

Together at The Sagamore. A landmark in luxury since 1883.



An Old Country House, Inc., a subsidiary of The Sagamore Hotel, Inc., Saratoga Springs, New York 12858

For reservations use your travel planner, call 516-636-1800 or 1-800-331-6161

A hard man is good to find.



Mark Goodson
"My brother, Phil, is a hard man to find."

To unlock your body's potential, we proudly offer Soloflex. Twenty-four old-fashioned iron pumping exercises, each correct in form and balance. All on a simple machine that fits in a corner of your home.

For a free Soloflex brochure, call anytime 1-800-453-9000. In Canada, 1-800-543-1005.

SOLOFLEX
Weightlifting. Pure and Simple.



ture window she hid, with the leather seat cushions. Sitting there, with our legs stretched out, looking at the birds flying to the tall ball."

"The kitchen again?"

"Ned threw his tea to me, that he went out and picked it in that kitchen," she says. Ned and I have been divorced for three years, and I still turn to Ned when he does a spoken. I can see how it must appear to others: exaggerated curls, fingers delicately hovering above the rim of the coffee cup, as if I were playing chess. Ned picking the tea. Ned shaking the sugar, pouring a broken branch with an elegant hand like he had on the end. The show that led for two days, constantly. Ned was married to Jack Russell. He loved Broadway and paraded to low music. The next year they were divorced and he was under indictment for fraud, but the case was dismissed. Ned and Jack had been together in Rome. They considered each other partners, but Ned couldn't stand classical music. He listened almost exclusively to the Rolling Stones. (There, by pure coincidence, Ned bought Jack a red hardcover and I bought Ned the same sweater. They got together, and each had on the same thing. Neither one wore his sweater again.)

"I wonder if Ned's still in his wilderness adventures," I say.

"Stub, he still is," she says, sipping her coffee.

"What do you mean?"

"He still wants to spend every free moment changing. Still talks about the sky as if he just discovered it yesterday."

"How do you know that?" I say.

"Oh, because—oh, why pretend to pass over it? It's the strongest thing I didn't look him up. God knows, I went to the apartment with Phil. He can't see a thing but things put in his eyes, neither like a child, I was in the waiting room, and Ned walked in. He'd scratched his corner, riding his bike in Central Park. He'd just moved to town, and he'd caught a branch in the face. He was surprised to see me, too. It was awkward. It's wasn't sure. He was looking at me with one eye."

"What did he say?"

"Well, you know if we walked. He asked how I was, and I asked how he was. Then Phil came out, and right away he started to tell me he was going to bust. He put his hand out and Ned pulled him into a chair. The nurse went in and put the doctor. Phil was so embarrassed. He's such a child."

"Was he all right?"

"It was only eye drops. They were often in his eyes."

"Ned?"

"Oh, yes. It turned out to be nothing serious. One of Phil's clients had insisted that he drive her in my office doctor's, so we dropped Ned in his office that day. On the ride, he and Phil discussed that they both were up walking on the same second. They got together after that and had lunch. Phil had his over to dinner. I thought we'd see him soon, and that would be that."

"Did he bring somebody to dinner?"

"Well, of course he did. You've been divorced for years, haven't you?" She sighs. "We got into this very simple of weeks."

"You see how every two weeks? How long?"

"I didn't want to talk about it and depress you," she says. "I felt awkward, though, he thought I was doing something really. She was her hair and her shoulder. She's a Phil's friend, not mine."

"If you want me to be suspicious and say that there's no reason why he should be your friend, I can't do that. I don't think he should be your friend."

"He isn't. It's up to Phil's brother's place in Miami. I don't go."

"What do you do?" I say.

"Well, what do you think I do? Sleep with him?"

"I didn't say that. And it's rather insulting."

"Oh, don't say 'rather,'" she says, reaching across the table and clapping her wrist. "I can't let Ned know I have a friend and whom not to love."

"You do remember how crazy he was," I say.

"He wasn't crazy, he was sane."

"He's not anymore?"

"He's pleasant, in pleasant. What do you think I should do?"

"I'm sorry," I say.

"You don't have any reason to apologize. It's awkward. To tell the truth, the real problem is that I won't stand up to Phil. I just said that Ned was somebody I'd known slightly years ago, because I could tell right away that he had him. He always says I don't like anybody he likes. So I'm trying to be nice. I'm trying to convince him that he should marry me."

"He should."

"He should, but so matter what a good little girl I am, he won't. He would have married me before that, if he'd decided to do it."

"He loves you, though," I say.

"Yes," she says, looking at Ned's eyes. "Our hands are folded on the table. The water moves slowly into Ned's peripheral vision. She turns toward him, reaching for the bill."

"What do you have to feel real about?"

"Having said anything at all. But you know—if you know it, you'd think I was a traitor or something. It was just one of those better things."

"The little boy back on the table. He goes to the other table. The water is in there, pouring water."

"I'm reaching for my shoulder bag when the man at the table calls me. 'Josephine! Josephine!' Ned and I both wear my heads around. The man is smiling. 'I don't know what you could do, so I'm about to have to return this,' he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

"The man is smiling. He's about to have to return this, he says."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VANTAGE PERFORMANCE COUNTS.

Performance so good you can taste it in a low tar.



GETTING BY

Tom Wolfe is one of the few writers whose work consistently brought a good living. He says, "There's probably not a single writer on the *Forbes* 400 list, not even Neil Simon, though writers in the theater have the greatest potential for income. I made a lot of money from *The Right Stuff*, but spent seven years doing it and just scraped by during those years. As writers get older, they wonder how did I just amass—no money! They go into it for applause, and if they don't get applause or exposure, then they are very unhappy. Eugene's *Adventures* book once asked me, 'Why is it that an inventor can sit in a room for five years without a penny and a poet, and when he finally comes up with something, it's accepted? And when writers do the same thing, it's a wasted income, which is heavily taxed?'"

Frank Conroy, whose story appears on page 64 in this issue, assesses the writer's situation: "Almost everyone has to subsidize his or her literary work by doing something else. In my case, part-time journalism, teaching, and my current job as a federal administrator have been the means to buy time to write. 'My advice to younger writers is to get a job of some kind—part time if possible—so that the inevitably evil is covered. Trying to write is extremely difficult all by itself. If you add financial pressures to the artistic pressure, it may become impossible. Young writers should be realistic about these matters and not expect too much, not expect that someone is going to carry them.'"

Philip Caputo established his reputation with a Vietnam memoir, *A Horse of War*. He spoke with us very freely about money and

writing: "Starting with a very modest advance from my publisher, I soon to near-melancholic status, then plummeted to my current state of affairs, which recently saw me borrow a few dollars from my father to fix the coffee on my car—all in eight years. 'Yes, it's the old reporter's headache—no pay, but it contains a number of salutory lessons. Some writers are taught or absorb the idea that art and commerce are mutually exclusive. Artists are expected to demonstrate a disdain for money. But if a writer cannot pay as close attention to his finances as he does to his sentences, he should pay enough to avoid being exploited by publishers, supplying investment experts, and handled by his worst money—manager.' 'The curse of all successful writers, the dream of all aspirants, is seeing a name. Writers have ruined a lot of literary artists, more so than drugs or drink. Jack London built himself a palace and then committed suicide. Mark Twain almost went bankrupt because I later did not buy the house I'm now living in, it's worth a small fortune, but there is no fortune in some of the rooms, and there is no fortune in the place to print a Sunday edition of *The New York Times*. If I had one piece of advice to give the aspiring writers, it would be: Don't—don't, don't, don't—under any circumstances buy a house you can't pay off, don't buy a plumber's assistant. Or, as a veteran Hollywood agent told me not long ago: Put your money in the bank if you buy anything, pay cash, and if you can't pay cash, don't buy it.'"

"I wish I'd run into him eight years ago."

Tom Wolfe is the *Esquire* Fiction Editor/Editor. He recently edited an anthology of contemporary American military stories: *Saint Soldiers & Cardinals*, which will be published by Bantam Books next spring.

SUMMER READING

How Writers Live Today

by Tom Jenks

For writers, language-made-new rather than money is the stock-in-trade—and for the most part they are narrowly rewarded. They look to keep body and soul and sometimes a family together, while finding time and energy to write. Their expressions of today's life are rightly to be found in their work—in the stories of the lives of their characters—but here, forty-one of America's writers, the known and the all but unknown, tell the way of their own lives.

Ray McManis scored a hit this year with his first novel, *Bright Lights, Big City*. He reflects on what success can mean: "Like most aspiring writers, I have dangerously held money close while trying to find time for what I considered my real vocation. A favorable reception early in a career can be beneficial insofar as it keeps you from the necessity of making a living some other way and gives you more time to write, harmful insofar as you take it too seriously. The danger in being beloved is to be successful is quite obvious. A few months after my novel had come out, someone compiling a list of promising young novelists for a national magazine dismissed my name as being too obvious; the notoriety of contemporary literary fiction seems to be making the novel writer of fortune. As far as I can tell, the only healthy attitude for a writer is to consider prize money, book deals, and public position as Eliza's agreement to the writing, and to get on with it."

Laurel Goldstone's first novel was *Smoothing the Territory*. She lives in Durham, North Carolina, in a little house with holes in the bathroom ceiling through to the sky, and makes her living "teaching those fellow-writing classes in Duke University's Continuing Education Department. If they don't pay me," she says, "I'd do it for nothing. It's so much fun and so rewarding. It has sounds of Tolstoy, it's because I've just not what it's like to write a second novel. Never again!"

DAY TO DAY

Robert Stone wrote: "Money told me when I was starting out that it was hard. I never

Considering that fall's new clothes for men and women, it ought to be useful to rebridge on a little literary horizon, as in these pages, to make sense of the new style.



METAPHOR: one image that can be substituted for another—a woman seen as a schoolgirl or a man as a newsboy. She's decked out as Joan Paul.

Gap Inc.'s pure-male styled schoolgirl suit in Prince-of-Wales (black) a double-breasted jacket (\$680) and an elongated kilt skirt that stretches to midcalf (\$412), worn with a pretense

white blouse (\$800). At Bloomingdale's and Dianne B., New York; Macys, Los Angeles; Neukie by John Henry. Shoes by Vittorio Ricci. He wears Polo by Ralph Lauren's brown leather zip-front member jacket (\$550), a wool vest (\$590), a plaid shirt (\$145), and herringbone trousers (\$250). Jacket at The Polo Ralph Lauren Shops, Atlanta and San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Cap by Worth & Worth, New York.

Fashion Speaks!

This fall, it's all a matter of semantics



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE MEYER FOR JAMES MACE AND JAMES MACE



HYPERBOLE: an extravagant exaggeration, a grand flourish—in fashion, most often in design, detail, or color. She wears Chanel's bold bronze T-vest chains and belt, applied at the hip of a navy sleeveless dress with signature pockets trimmed with gold buttons (about \$4,600). At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; the

Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills; Jewelry and accessories also by Chanel. He sports Claude Montana's hot-red mid-length wool winter overcoat with generous lapels and simple accent of toggle-shaped horn buttons (\$810). At Charvet, New York; Saks Fifth Avenue, San Francisco; Jimmy's, Brooklyn, New York. Bright-green cotton-and-wool shirt also by Claude Montana. Shirt by John M. Mendes.



ALLITERATION: a conscious repetition that makes use of pattern, color, or fabric to make its straightforward point.

Her choice is Donna Karan's gray cashmere—a virtual wardrobe-in-one consisting of a wrap-style bodysuit underneath (\$495), pleated trousers (\$440), a faceted wrap-style's wrap shirt (\$500), and an oversize shawl (\$500). At

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and Seventy-Eight, 1 Magasin, San Francisco. Jewelry by Robert Lee Harris for Donna Karan. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik. He's wearing every green in Karan's palette—herringbone jacket (\$400), checked trousers (\$250), a hilly-green cashmere pullover (\$225), and a striped tie (\$45). At Kenzo, New York; Wilbur Dunsford, San Francisco. Sunglasses by Colson in Option.





SIMILE: one thing that can seem to be like something else—fake fur that looks real or a tapestry that's a sweater.

Her choice for maximum evening drama is GINO Norma Kamali's spotted fake-fur short jacket with wide shawl collar, full sleeves, and a perky poplin (1994), worn over a black quilted velvet two-piece dress (1988). All exclusively

at GINO Norma Kamali, New York. He's wearing Perry Ellis's latest outdoor's line—a hand-knitted wool crew-neck sweater of wiggles in a medicinal garden, in olive, gold, blue, burgundy, and gray (1995). It's combined with a purple cashmere turtleneck (1994) and flared trousers with double pleats (1995). At Kowtowstyle's, New York, Alexander Beale, Virginia Beach, Virginia, Dawson's Slazy's, Atlanta.

Openings / STORM WARNINGS

Jack Goldstein

ART



STORM WARNINGS - JACK GOLDSTEIN



STORM WARNINGS - JACK GOLDSTEIN



"You have to think of the big picture; we're just a piece of the sky."

"Okay, you tell me—who are we and where do we come from?"

Jack Goldstein is both dedicated to and amused by these simple but nagging questions. For him, the answers lie somewhere between language and the one thing we all have in common: the universe. His large, airbrushed paintings display the sheering force and color of lightning storms, star showers, comets, and other astronomical phenomena being arrested in time. These images awe and threaten; they are cool in atmosphere, yet certainly dangerous in subject. For Goldstein, they locate and answer the questions. At Metro Pictures in New York. —Paul Bob

Kahlúa & cream



Frrfresh. Naturally more delicious because you make it yourself:

with an ounce-and-a-half of Kahlúa to four ounces of fresh cream, or milk, over ice.

Sensational, right? Because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa.

Our Treat. Be our guest to a free Kahlúa recipe book. We'll be happy to send you as many as you like. Kahlúa, Dept. F, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.

©1984 Kahlúa® 100 Proof Handmade White & Spiced Liqueur, Universal City, CA 91605

CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Lights,
unexpectedly mild.

© 1997 R.J.R. Tobacco Company. All Rights Reserved. R.J.R. and Camel are trademarks of R.J.R. Tobacco Company.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.